The Outlook

Volume 144 December 15, 1926 Number 16

A Terminable Session

THE Cave of the Winds is again in session. Congress has convened.

The session is the short one of the Sixty-ninth Congress, limited, ending by Constitutional compulsion on the 4th of March. A great deal of business, some of it essential business, was left over from the long session. The winds may, perhaps, blow where they will, but not as long as they would. Needed legislation may or may not be enacted; it cannot be as much talked about as it has been at other sessions.

The immediate task in hand by those who presume to steer Congress is to get the necessary appropriation bills enacted. This, ordinarily, is not a difficult task, but there have been times, even within the past few years, when Civil Service employees of some of the executive departments went hungry because Congress, busy talking, failed to provide new appropriations by the time the old ones were out of date. The possibility of such an injustice is not now very imminent, but it exists. Colonel Smith W. Brookhart, who has not yet his seat for the second time as a Senator from Iowa, but has been elected and has certain influence, is quoted as having proposed that the advocates of the Haugen plan block all appropriation bills until a farm relief measure has been enacted. There are enough Haugen plan Senators and Representatives to make a formidable filibuster. But, with better prospects than they have had before of securing some kind of farm relief bill from this or the next Congress by regular means, one would guess that they are not likely to follow Brookhart's irregular method very far.

Aside from farm relief, the pressing measures pending are not very numerous. They include radio control, prohibition enforcement safeguards, alien property, branch banking, and Muscle Shoals—these for both houses—and, for the Senate, the Lausanne treaty, the poison-gas treaty, and a thousand or so of Presidential appointments.

These measures are scheduled to consume most of the time, but the Democrats appear disposed to press their tax reduction measure, at least to the point of having a good deal to say about the Administration's tax refund measure.

The President's Variation on the Theme of Economy

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE has broadened his definition of economy to include the saving of time, and in his Message has counseled Congress to practice it in a very sensible way. Much time, he points out, is consumed in the passage of appropriation bills. And then he says: "If each Congress in its opening session would make appropriations to continue for two years, very much time would be saved which could either be devoted to a consideration of the general needs of the country or would result in decreasing the work of legislation." What the President advises would amount to an innovation. Congressmen will probably, some of them, resent the suggestion as a Presidential intrusion. None the less, the advice ought to be followed. There is no sufficient reason for a complete set of appropriation bills at each of the sessions of the same Congress.

This sound "horse sense" is typical of the entire Message. Discussing economy, the President wrote a sentence which is applicable to his message and to himself. Neither novel nor brilliant, the economy program, he says, "has turned out to be pre-eminently sound." That is the message. That is Coolidge.

There is in this Message to the short session of the Sixty-ninth Congress nothing surprising. In the main it is reiteration, in different form, of previous recommendations of the President. Increased emphasis here and there indicates that the President has anticipated the mood of Congress and seeks at some points to urge it forward, at others to hold it back.

That the Democratic drive for another tax-reduction law may assume serious proportions is indicated by the care with which the President explains that, no matter how large the surplus may be this year, such a course would not be safe for the years ahead. He urges, but not too strongly, that the present surplus of $383,000,000 be applied to reducing the tax burden by reduction of the payments which accrue next March and next June. "These are my convictions," he says, "stated with full knowledge that it is for the Congress to decide whether they judge it best to make such a reduction or leave the surplus for the present year to be applied to retirement of the war debt. That also is eventually tax reduction."

Other Themes: Agriculture, Tariff, the Philippines, and Prohibition

THE one particular in which the Message goes clearly beyond previous recommendations has to do with the disposition of surpluses of farm commodities. The President frankly says that "discussions both in and out of Congress . . . have given us a better understanding of the subject," and expresses the hope that "out of the various proposals made the basis will be found for a sound and effective solution upon which agreement can be reached." He is opposed, as he has always been, to any legislation that would undertake to fix prices or put the Government into the business of marketing farm products; but he evinces a cordial willingness to meet the farmers' "sincere and candid desire for assistance" in disposing of their surpluses. On the whole, more space is devoted to agricultural relief than to any other subject discussed in the Message.

A possible drive for tariff revision is anticipated and the desirability of retaining the present tariff law is explained. Those who think our tariff walls so high as to keep out goods which other countries offer in payment of their debts will be surprised to learn that sixty-five per cent of our imports (roughly $2,900,000,000) in the last fiscal year came in free of duty, and that we admit a greater volume of free imports than any other country except England.

There is one other note, not new, but more clearly sounded than it has been before. It has to do with our insular possessions, particularly with the Philippines. The President praises the work of Major-General Wood as Governor-

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General. Then he lays down this principle for a Philippines policy: "As we are attempting to assist this race toward self-government, we should look upon their wishes with great respect, granting their requests immediately when they are right, yet maintaining a frank firmness in refusing when they are wrong." He would have island expenditures placed under the supervision of an official with duties similar to those of our Comptroller-General. He would remove the restrictions placed upon the Governor-General in his selection of subordinates. He would promote the economic development of the islands, particularly along the line of rubber production; but he is "opposed to the promotion of any policy that does not provide for absolute freedom on the part of the wage-earners" and thinks that we should not "undertake to give power for large holdings of land in the islands against the opposition of the people of the locality."

The President suggests that, later, he may make a more extended report and more definite recommendations. The subject is one of importance to this country as well as to the Philippines, and the President's further report will be awaited with interest.

On prohibition the President's remarks conclude with these words that might well be posted throughout the Nation:

> Some people do not like the Amendment, some do not like other parts of the Constitution, some do not like any of it. Those who entertain such sentiments have a perfect right to seek through legal methods for a change. But for any of our inhabitants to observe such parts of the Constitution as they like, while disregarding others, is a doctrine that would break down all protection of life and property and destroy the American system of ordered liberty.

The Naval Oil Question Not on Trial

As the Fall-Doheny conspiracy trial has gone forward, the fact has been revealed—if it required revelation—that the question of what to do with naval oil in the ground is, and has always been, an extremely complicated question. Perhaps the public cannot hope from the evidence offered in this case to get the data on which to base an intelligent opinion as to how the question should have been answered when the Elk Hills leases were made or how it should be answered now. It is not a question, of course, for trial judge or trial jury to attempt to answer; the testimony concerning it comes in as necessary but collateral evidence.

The most, perhaps, that the public can hope to do is this: To carry clearly in mind the fact that the issue in the Fall-Doheny trial is not whether the policy of leasing the reserves and of constructing storage facilities at Pearl Harbor was or was not a wise policy. The issue is simply whether or not the method by which the lease and contract were given to Doheny was a fraudulent method and whether or not Doheny and Fall did conspire to defraud the Government thereby.

The question of what is to be done with the naval oil—such of it as may be left—is one that must be decided calmly by legislative and administrative officials of the Government. It should not be irritated and confused by any effort to consider it in connection with a criminal trial.

The Railway Arbitration

The recent decision of a board of arbitration in a question of wage earnings, which has now been at issue for about a year, is of special and general public interest for two or more reasons:

It is the first application of the industrial ideas of the Watson-Parker Law passed by the present Congress. It is therefore a precedent or example for other important railway disputes.

In the magnitude of the issue involved the decision is also important. It affects the wages of 89,000 conductors and trainmen on the Eastern railroads. By the decision now reached by the arbitrators these wages will be increased by about 7½ per cent, and the actual amount awarded in wages to the workers will be about $15,000,000 a year. The men gain less than half they asked for.

As we have pointed out before, the new law does not attempt to lay down a system of compulsory arbitration nor to provide a court which should decide issues brought before it, as does an ordinary court of law. It offers, first, a plan of conciliation, then arbitration, and finally an appeal to the public through a fact-finding commission which may be appointed by the President of the United States.

The present case has now gone through two of these stages, and, unless one of the parties to the dispute refuses to abide by the terms of the arbitration, the matter is settled. It is entirely improbable that it will be necessary to take the last step, for by entering into the arbitration both the railway companies and the railway workers in effect agree to abide by the decision, even if they do not in so many words. Two of the six arbitrators were named by the railways, two by the unions, and two representing the public by the Federal Mediation Board, as the two contesting parties had been unable to agree as to the choice of these "neutral" arbitrators.

The question has been asked whether the large amount of additional wage payment thus laid upon the shoulders of the railways can be provided without crippling the finances or operations of the roads. The answer to this is found in the statement of the majority report of the arbitration that "it is not contended that the roads cannot afford to bear some increase in the wages of these employees."

"Is" and "Are"

An advertising agency in preparing an advertisement wrote of the Burlington Road that "along its right of way there are vast areas in which is produced two-thirds of the oats, more than half the corn, etc., in the United States." Forthwith there was trouble among the railway executives. The passenger traffic manager struck out "is" and substituted "are." The traffic vice-president restored "is." The case was appealed to the University of Chicago, which approved "is." Then to Northwestern University, which approved "are." Then to other authorities. Harvard approved "is;" the lexicographer of an unnamed dictionary, "are;" Princeton, "is;" Yale, "are."

The whole controversy broke out into the newspapers. Thereby the advertising agency and the officers of the railroad company attained their original object, which was to secure publicity for the Burlington.

Meantime Mr. Frank H. Vizetelly, editor of the Standard Dictionary (evidently the lexicographer appealed to), has intimated in a letter to the New York "Herald Tribune" that the whole matter might have been settled by reference to "a text-book on elementary grammar," which he recommends to "those persons who have forgotten what they were taught in their grammar school days—that in English 'a verb agrees with its subject in person and number, and that when it has two or more subjects, connected by the con-

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To fright our party

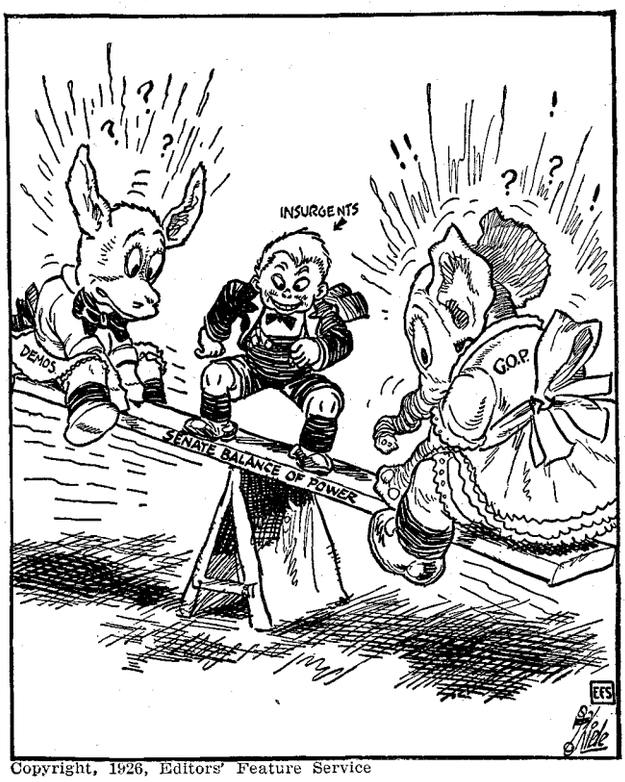
(2 Henry IV, Act I, Scene 1)

Halladay in the Providence Journal

Walking away with it

From Henry Charles Suter, Marion, Mass.

Thiele for Editors' Feature Service



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Aw! Now, Willie, be reasonable!

Cargill in the Waco (Texas) Times Herald

Standing room only

From Mrs. W. B. Brooks, Waco, Texas

Cargill in the Waco (Texas) Times Herald

Yep, he seems to be holding up the entire party

From Mrs. W. B. Brooks, Waco, Texas

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junction "and," actual, implied, or understood, that verb must be in the plural.'"

What a pity it is that some one with an elementary text-book in grammar was not at the elbows of those who produced the greatest of English classics, the King James Version of the Bible. Untutored, they wrote: "And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three."

The Anti-Catholic Statutes of Mexico

At the request of Cardinal Hayes, of New York, William D. Guthrie, President of the Association of the Bar of New York City, has prepared a legal opinion concerning Church and State in Mexico.

Himself a Catholic, he naturally devotes a considerable portion of his text to a description of the power and endurance of the Roman Catholic Church. He cites authorities to show that it has a corporate existence in international law. He cites the belief of Catholics that the Church is "destined to be eternal in the destiny of man," and that it "cannot temporize anywhere, in any country, with such a subversive, tyrannical, and destructive system as is now being maintained by brutal force in suffering Mexico." He quotes Macaulay's opinion of the enduring character of the Papacy, concluding with the famous passage which predicts that the Roman Catholic Church may still exist in undiminished vigor when some traveler from New Zealand shall "take his stand on a broken arch of London Bridge to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's."

A very large part of Mr. Guthrie's opinion consists in citations to show that the Constitution and statutes of Mexico pertaining to this matter do not conform to the Constitution of the United States. Is the implication that we must require every country to conform to our Constitution at the cost of our disfavor? At one point Mr. Guthrie skirts close to the inflammatory by suggesting historical precedents "which would abundantly support a protest or remonstrance and even armed intervention at the present time in Mexico, in order to assure the Mexican people of religious liberty."

He wisely concludes that history has taught "that the Catholic Church never can profit by entering into political strifes." Has the Roman Catholic Church learned this lesson?

That there is injustice in the Mexican laws no one can doubt who reads Mr. Guthrie's quotations of them; but injustice has always accompanied struggles for freedom, and the injustice in this case has not all been on one side.

Ontario Votes Wet

After ten years of prohibition, Canada's most populous province has voted for Government sale of spirituous and malt liquors. When that system is put into operation next spring, six of the nine provinces of Canada will be under Government control, five of which have turned from prohibition. Only New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, and Prince Edward Island still adhere to prohibition legislation.

Ontario had supported prohibition in three different referenda during the last seven years, most recently by a majority of 34,000, in 1924. The 1926 vote went against prohibition by a majority of more than 160,000. It was not, however, a distinct prohibition referendum, but a victory of the Conservative Government, which staked its return on Premier Ferguson's proposal to legalize the sale of bottled liquors to holders of permit cards.

The prohibition law in Ontario has brought great social benefit to the community. In Toronto, the largest city, it has reduced police court cases of drunkenness by sixty per cent, and in Hamilton by eighty per cent. Crimes of a character induced by liquor have decreased considerably in every part of the province. In consequence, practically all the evangelical churches and social agencies opposed the Government in the recent election.

Economic arguments—that Ontario probably will receive an annual profit of eight million dollars and more from Government sale; that the availability of liquor will attract a certain type of American tourists in large numbers—had less appeal this year than two years ago, when times were harder, and when Government sale was rejected nevertheless. But something like a bribe was offered by the Government in this election in the promise of a five-dollar reduction in automobile license fees.

To "Beat the Bootlegger"

The outstanding cause of the apparent change of sentiment in Ontario was that the temperance question became involved in party strife. The influence of the Conservative Party, the dominant party, with a creditable administrative record behind it, overbore the divided Opposition forces, which, lacking a popular leader, could not command public confidence.

The wet electors in the Liberal and Progressive followings went over *en masse* to the side of the Conservatives, whereas the Conservative drys, with some notable exceptions, stayed with their party. Furthermore, the drift of population to the cities had given the Government ground before the vote for eliminating ten dry ridings and creating eleven new wet ridings. The net result returned the Government with almost as many members as it had in the last Legislature.

Ontario had been perturbed for some time by the extent of bootlegging and by stories about the use of flasks by young people, although the extent of both evils was grossly exaggerated. The public sincerely desired to find some means of reducing the evils such as they were. Prohibitionists adduced evidence that the very evils that were troubling Ontario existed on a larger scale in provinces that were under Government control; but Premier Ferguson insisted that his system of control would be an improvement on those already in operation, that it would "beat the bootlegger," that it was an advanced temperance measure and one that could be enforced, and that it would increase respect for law and order. He promised to allow local communities to keep out liquor stores. The Premier's abandonment during the campaign of his plan to allow the sale of beer by the glass in hotels was considered by many electors to remove the last serious objection to his policy.

So Ontario joins other Canadian provinces in making an experiment that will be worth watching.

Lloyd George Out of Luck

The "Welsh Wizard"—as Lloyd George used to be called in the days of his political power—has been trying some of his old tricks in an attempt to regain the leadership he once held. He does not seem able to make them work as they formerly did.

He opened a new Liberal Party campaign for housing and land reform lately with a fiery speech bidding for co-operation by the Labor Party with the Liberals. His argument was that when the time comes for new elections in Great Britain the Liberals will have regained much of their former strength, and so,

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in coalition with the Labor Party, they will be able to create a decisive majority against the Conservatives. Thus, for the first time since Lord Oxford and Asquith resigned from the leadership of the Liberal Party, Lloyd George moved to assert his influence.

The picturesque war Prime Minister has created a new campaign chest for himself, it is reported, with the proceeds from selling out his shares of stock in the London "Daily Chronicle," in which he was a controlling owner. But evidently he will need more than ample funds. He will need some magic to recreate the confidence he was wont to inspire.

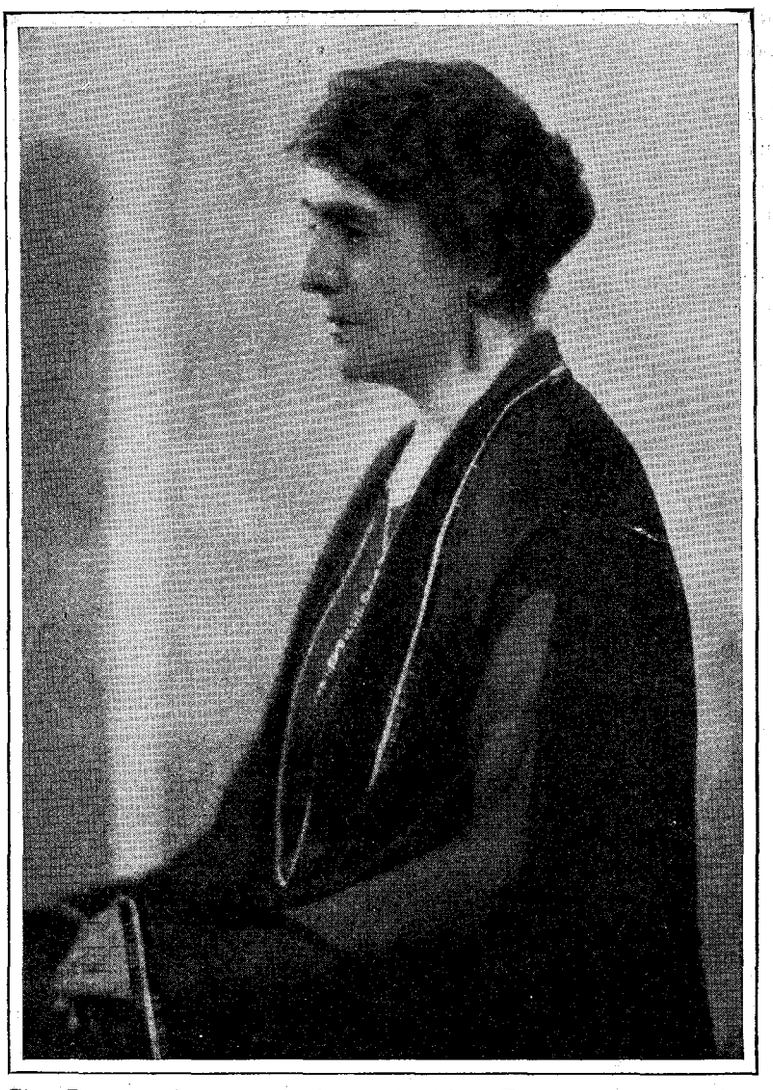
His suggestion of a Labor-Liberal coalition was rejected coldly by the Labor and many of the Liberal editors.

The ideas that made Lloyd George a commanding figure in his time, and that he still has to offer, no longer appeal. The current has set in another direction. The prospect is for a continuing struggle for power between the conservative Tories and the radical Laborites. The position of relative weakness to which the Liberals have sunk in Great Britain is shown by the fact that the best hope even Lloyd George can hold out to them is the hope of swaying the balance one way or the other.

Germany and Allied Control

SINCE the war the Allies have kept an eye on military organization and the manufacture of war supplies in Germany. From 1914 to 1918 Germany gave them sufficient reason to do so. Their supervision has not been satisfactory to them. It could hardly be made comprehensive and effective enough to make certain that Germany was not building up some potential sources of fighting strength beyond the point intended by the peace treaties. Aircraft and chemical industries are notably difficult to control. But their observation has made it sure that new war-ships were not being built or "Big Berthas" manufactured.

Now, since the signing of the Locarno treaties and the entry of Germany into the League of Nations, the question of handing over the military control of Germany from the Council of Ambassadors to the League has again come to the fore. It is to be discussed by the Allied Ministers and the German Foreign Minister during their meeting at Geneva for the December sessions of the League Council.



Clara Damrosch Mannes, who has received from France the rosette of an Officier de l'Instruction Publique for her work as an artist-educator, co-director with her husband of the David Mannes Music School

Germany has been seeking the termination of the Allied control system. The Allies, on their side, have presented to Germany a series of demands which she must satisfy if she wants to have the Allied Military Commission withdrawn from Berlin. These include subordination of the Reichswehr to the civilian Minister of Defense, regulation of recruiting and military organizations, control of the export of arms and munitions, and destruction of new fortifications on the eastern frontier of Germany.

The substitution of an effective League supervision for Allied supervision undoubtedly would lessen political friction between the Allies and Germany. Thus it would render easier the conduct of European affairs under the new order inaugurated by the Locarno agreements and Germany's admission to the League. Since questions of League military control can be determined by a majority vote of the Council, under the terms of the Treaty of Versailles, such a system might be made as effective as Allied supervision. Germany, through her vote in the Council, would not be able to block investigations. But the important point, for Europe and for the rest of the world, is to see to it that any plan for the replacement of Allied by League control is really serious. Security must be the guaranty of reconciliation. We have had enough indications lately that it is too soon to risk letting the docile German people fall once more under the sort of direction the German Nationalists and militarists would give if they held unrestricted power.

Foreign Honor to an American Woman

FRANCE has conferred upon an American woman an honor which apparently the Government of her own country would be incapable of conferring. Clara Damrosch Mannes, daughter of the famous conductor, Dr. Leopold Damrosch, and wife of the also famous director of music, violinist, and educator, David Mannes, is now an Officier de l'Instruction Publique, and is one of the few foreigners and still fewer women

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who have received the honor that she now most appropriately wears. With her husband, who is also an Officier de l'Instruction Publique, she has been a co-director of the David Mannes Music School, has given sonata recitals in public and private series in various cities, and has been a quiet but permeating influence in developing in the people of this country an understanding and love of the best in music. Are we capable in this country of recording in some way the value of the sort of service that Mr. and Mrs. Mannes have rendered? Our Government has no means of recognizing such service, and probably would not recognize it if it had the means. How many public men are there in America who have the acquaintance with the best in art that is expected, or at least not counted incongruous, in a President of the French Republic?

The Yellowstone Grab

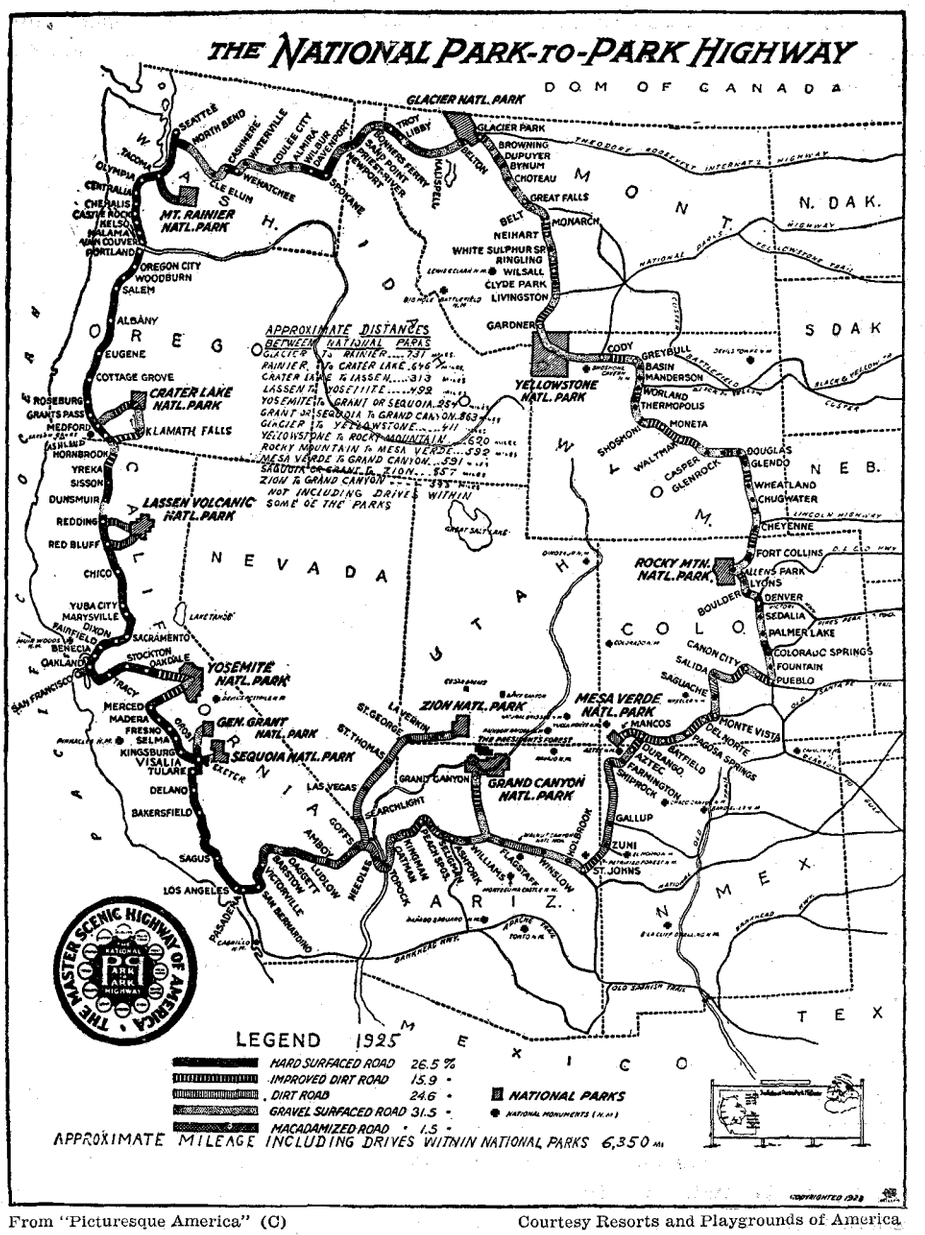
The Camel's Nose

IN Congress, which has just reassembled for the session that closes next March, there will be a concerted effort to take from the American people for commercial purposes a corner of the Yellowstone National Park.

Elsewhere in this issue we print two comments on this plan to grab National property for irrigation purposes and The Outlook's campaign against it.

In defense of their scheme, those who covet this corner of the Yellowstone declare that it is just a little territory that they want. Senator Gooding, of Idaho, argues: "It seems to me a little thing we are asking. . . . It is only 5,500 acres that is going to be covered with water." Of course, it is more than that that these people for whom Senator Gooding speaks want to take from the American people; but the size of it is not the point. The camel that drove his owner out of the tent started by getting his nose in. The man that wants to enter a house is well on his way when he gets his foot in the door.

It is not only the Yellowstone Park that is in danger—it is every National Park and Monument. When commercial thirst is slaked by seizure of National property reserved by the people for National purposes, the thirsty everywhere who hope to get something out of the American people for their own satisfaction will be encouraged to make their


THE NATIONAL PARK-TO-PARK HIGHWAY
DOM OF CANADA
GLACIER NATL. PARK
MT. RAINIER NATL. PARK
CRATER LAKE NATL. PARK
LASSEN VOLCANIC NATL. PARK
YOSEMITE NATL. PARK
GEN. GRANT NATL. PARK
SEQUOIA NATL. PARK
YELLOWSTONE NATL. PARK
ZION NATL. PARK
MESA VERDE NATL. PARK
ROCKY MTN. NATL. PARK
GRAND CANYON NATL. PARK
APPROXIMATE DISTANCES BETWEEN NATIONAL PARKS
NOT INCLUDING DRIVES WITHIN SOME OF THE PARKS
THE MASTER SCENIC HIGHWAY OF AMERICA
LEGEND 1925
HARD SURFACED ROAD 26.5 %
IMPROVED DIRT ROAD 15.9 "
DIRT ROAD 24.6 "
GRAVEL SURFACED ROAD 31.5 "
MACADAMIZED ROAD 1.5 "
NATIONAL PARKS
APPROXIMATE MILEAGE INCLUDING DRIVES WITHIN NATIONAL PARKS 6,350 MI.
COPYRIGHTED 1925

From "Picturesque America" (C) Courtesy Resorts and Playgrounds of America

This is the system of National Parks that is endangered by the scheme to make commercial use of the Bechler Meadows of Yellowstone Park

demands. As Mr. Albright, Superintendent of the Yellowstone National Park, has said: "We cannot yield a part of the Park, if it is worthy of being in the Park at all, for any commercial need. If we do yield to local interest on a thing like that, the Parks are bound to go."

It is hard enough for the guardians of the National Parks to protect them against the poachers who would kill the game, cut the timber, and dispose of the wealth that they can filch from the people of the Nation. Surely no State—even though it employ the form of law—can afford to put itself into the category of these pilferers.

Representative Scott Leavitt, of Montana, has posed a question to which the people of Idaho should give ear: whether it is not well for the people of the West to "let the Nation as a whole know that it is not the West that is going to try to break down the integrity of the National Parks."

Americans, keep the looters out.

The Hall-Mills Case

IT is not often that The Outlook feels called upon to comment on a murder trial. A murder trial is generally an event of passing popular interest, but of real significance only to the persons directly involved. It is the purpose of The Outlook to try and make significant events interesting; it is not its function to try and make merely interesting events significant. The Hall-Mills case illustrates, however, a trend in the political and social life of America which deserves thoughtful study.

In it is food for thought on our whole system of justice. It provides, too, an

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opportunity to discuss a phase of American journalism which invites nothing but reproach.

Four years ago a man and a woman were murdered by a pistol and a knife in the neighborhood of a New Jersey town. The investigation at the time of the murder was bungled. Faced by a problem which demanded expert handling and forceful action, the local authorities muddled both the safeguarding of evidence and the management of the investigation.

Four years later the State of New Jersey indicted four people on evidence based chiefly upon an alleged statement promptly repudiated by the person to whom it was ascribed, and a calling card brought forward by one of the most sensational of New York's tabloid papers. The trial itself was conducted by the prosecuting attorney with at least one eye cocked at the newspaper headlines. To an impartial observer, and apparently to the jury, it seemed that the evidence which he introduced was chosen with the purpose of effecting a conviction rather than the purpose of furthering justice. One witness whom he introduced was shown up so clearly by the defense that the prosecutor himself was forced to ask to have the evidence of this witness withdrawn. An attorney is entitled by the ethics of the bar to introduce testimony which is presented in good faith even though he himself is not certain of its truth; but how can an attorney be justified in introducing the testimony of a witness whose good faith can be so easily disproved?

Prosecuting attorneys can learn from the Hall-Mills trial that they have a function to perform which is of more value to the State than a mere record of convictions secured.

The press can learn from the Hall-Mills case that if it is to maintain or restore to life its function as a guide of public opinion it must see to it that it exercises its function with a sense of responsibility not solely to be measured by circulation returns.

The State in which the trial was conducted and the Governor of that State, who backed the movement for this trial, can learn that New Jersey justice has suffered a loss of respect by the other States in the Union which it will take a long time to restore.

The taxpayers of Somerset County, facing the huge cost of the trial, will have an opportunity to ponder intimately upon the cost to a community of mixing politics and justice.

The four defendants, one of whom spent a month in jail without even the privilege of securing an acquittal, will ponder too, we think, on the ways of the law and the privileges of American citizenship.

There is indeed food for thought in the Hall-Mills trial, and much of it is as bitter as the waters of Mara.

Uncle Æsop in South America

ÆSOP has a fable about two travelers who were quarreling as to which of them should eat a nut meat. A third traveler came along and offered to settle the dispute. He took the nut meat and ate it himself. It is not related what happened to the third traveler. But diplomats ever since have been applying—though usually more circumspectly—the principle exemplified by this original mediator.

Often two nations have a dispute which cannot be settled by any compromise to the satisfaction of either of them. For such cases the ingenious theory has been advanced that the best solution is one which is not the whole or any part of what either of them sought, but which yet contains an element common to what each of them desires. Such a solution has been proposed by Secretary Kellogg, of the Department of State, in the dispute between Chile and Peru over the provinces of Tacna and Arica that lie between them.

For over forty years, since the Treaty of Ancon ended the "War of the Pacific," Chile and Peru have quarreled over the possession of the two provinces. Chile has held them. Peru has tried to get them back, through insistence on a plebiscite provided for under the terms of the treaty. The quarrel has more than once threatened the peace of South America. Finally, the President of the United States proffered his good offices as mediator, and they were accepted. But attempts to arrange a plebiscite under present conditions broke down hopelessly—each side charging the other and, at times, the representatives of the President with the blame. Now Secretary Kellogg has proposed that the two contestants renounce their claims to the territory and that it be sold to Bolivia, the division of any payment between Chile and Peru to be settled by negotiation.

As Secretary Kellogg has pointed out, the real issue in the dispute is the national honor of each party. The provinces of Tacna and Arica are of small value either to Chile or Peru, despite some nitrate and other mineral deposits. But possession of them—or at least refusal to concede them to the other—has become a point of pride. Neither can accept a solution which implies yielding to the other. So all attempts at settlement by conciliation or compromise have failed. The proposal to turn them over to Bolivia has the advantage of meeting just this point of national honor. Neither nation would get what it sought, but each would get something that it wants in that neither is forced to give way to the other, and so pride is saved.

Bolivia, at the same time, would gain something she really needs—an outlet to the sea with a harbor at Arica, which it is proposed to make a free port. Chile and Peru have all the good harbors they require. Bolivia, hemmed in by them from the Pacific Ocean, suffers for lack of direct contact and exchange with the rest of the world. She has long desired a corridor to Arica. But she has conducted herself with wisdom and dignity during the deadlock between Chile and Peru over the provinces which would satisfy her needs. Now she has her reward: The United States proposes—unlike Æsop's third traveler—not to take the nut meat, but to toss it to her.

The plan has been advanced before in discussions of the problem, first in clearly formulated terms in the quarterly review, "Foreign Affairs." Now it has been given official standing. It is unlikely that Secretary Kellogg would have proposed it publicly without some intimation that it would be acceptable to Chile and Peru. Indeed, Chile has already agreed to it in principle, as a basis of discussion, while it appears to have had a favorable reception by influential papers in both countries. It is to be hoped that the agreement of Peru will soon follow. While the scheme will involve further negotiations and also careful consideration by the Governments and Parliaments of the three countries concerned, there are evidently prospects that it may succeed.

Secretary Kellogg's proposal offers the

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happiest way out of an uncomfortable situation. And it holds the hope of demonstrating afresh to the nations of Latin America that the policy of the United States is not to impose its own will and ideas, but to seek an equitable adjustment of interests so far as possible to the mutual benefit of all, for the sake of peace in the American hemisphere.

Here is a photograph of the preliminary model of the lion designed by Carl Akeley as the symbol of the life of Theodore Roosevelt. The statue was to be a monolith forty feet in length. On the pedestal was to appear a quotation from Roosevelt's own words, beginning, "Only those are fit to live who do not fear to die." No better epitaph could be selected for Akeley himself. The photograph is published here by courtesy of the Roosevelt Memorial Association, of which Carl Akeley was a Trustee

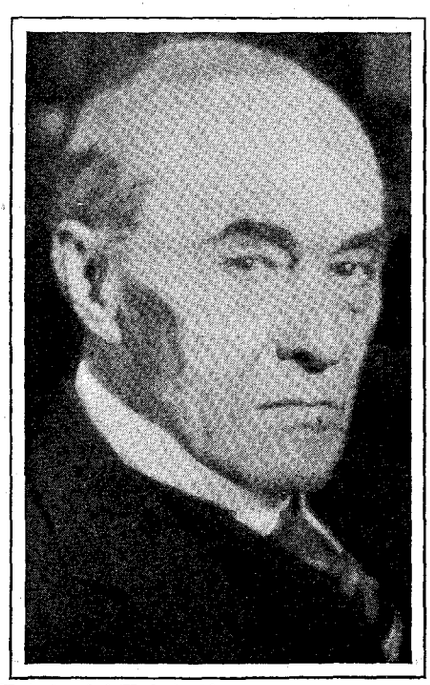
Artists Both

Monet

IN the summer of 1906 Theodore Duret, the historian of the impressionists, was showing an American friend the novelties in the galleries of the Paris picture dealers. They stood before some canvases of Gauguin and Van Gogh, which the American saw for the first time. "But, M. Duret," he said, "do you accept this as Art?" "That same question," replied Duret, "was in everybody's mouth when the impressionists made their début in a vacant shop on the Boulevard des Capucines in 1874."

Few visitors to this improvised gallery dreamed that Claude Monet (whose death at eighty-six years of age has just occurred in his native France) would be the greatest living artist at the end of his career; and few believed that the term "impressionist," started as a joke by "Charavari," would become a term of honor in the world of painting, and, indeed, the synonym for truth. The success of Monet is an object-lesson in tolerance. It is a rash prophecy to predict what will be the future trend of art a generation ahead. In the eyes of the public of Monet's youth, he was as much a revolutionist as the painters who are at present exhibiting their works in the Brooklyn Museum.

The growth of Monet's fame and his influence on the art of painting can only be accounted for on the ground of his penetrating observation of nature. He saw what others who preceded him failed to see. Théophile Gautier's characterization of himself as a man for whom the visible world exists might literally be applied to Monet. Monet discovered, or rather he was able to express, the envelopment of light and air which surround every object in nature; he discovered, pictorially, that light was vibration. In order to convey this fact of nature he expressed it by the employment of those strokes of complementary colors derived from the solar spectrum which caused the loud laughter of those who, having eyes to see, saw not; they did not know that instead of the brush it was the eye of the observer which mixed these colors into a tone instead of in the traditional way, on the palette. This was Monet's supreme contribution to art, and was a step in advance from the method pursued by Turner, and before him Claude Lorraine, and even the mighty Rembrandt. Those artists who do not now in some measure avail themselves of this discovery of Monet's in the painting of landscape write themselves down as purely decorative painters or symbolists.



Underwood & Underwood

Carl Akeley

1864–1926

Akeley

CARL AKELEY is dead in the heart of Africa. The end came in a game sanctuary which he had himself made possible of establishment. Americans can take pride in the career and character of this man, who was an artist, a scientist, and an outstanding public servant. The central theme in Carl Akeley's life was his love for the wild and the creatures that dwelt therein. To his celebration of the primitive and elemental he brought extraordinary powers of observation, the highest possible technical ability, and a devotion which ended only with his death.

He first won fame as the creator of a new art—the art of preserving the creatures of the wild in an enduring record of their forms and habitations. Before Carl Akeley taxidermy was a matter for upholsterers; after Carl Akeley it became an art both of value to science and of service to those eager minds who in increasing numbers are striving to com-

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prehend all phases of the world in which we dwell.

He carried into the field the courage of the great hunters. He carried also a kindliness of spirit which showed—and he would be the last to object to this phrase—a kinship with the beasts he loved. To hear Akeley talk of his friends the gorillas was at once a delight and a revelation. Yet Carl Akeley was no sentimentalist; he was a truth-seeker, unafraid to look a fact in the face.

Naturally, Akeley's brilliance of mind and attainments brought him into contact with the foremost minds of the world. He was a devoted friend and admirer of Theodore Roosevelt, and his friendship and admiration were fully returned. After Roosevelt's death Akeley planned a memorial to Roosevelt which was, we believe, an outstanding achievement in the field of poetic imagination. It comprised a huge monolithic lion which in form and spirit typified Roosevelt's self-control and his readiness for action. This lion Akeley planned to place in the center of a tree-crowned amphitheater, designed for a location in Washington's Rock Creek Park. Approval of the Washington Fine Arts Commission was never secured for this design. Even though it may never be built in Washington, we hope that some day it may be given realization in some other city or in some mountain fastness of the country which Roosevelt loved.

America is richer for the life of Carl Akeley and poorer for his passing.

The Vices and Virtues of the Automobile

By LAWRENCE F. ABBOTT

Contributing Editor of The Outlook

FIVE of us were on our way to Pinehurst, North Carolina, for a little December golf. The party was composed of a manufacturer of an important and Nationally known automobile accessory, an expert on National advertising, an influential financier and industrialist, a member of the bar whose specialty is in the field of taxation and the administration of large estates, and the writer of these lines—all being New Yorkers. After dinner, as we were seated in the compartment of one of the group, the conversation happened to turn to the automobile and the part it has played in the development of modern civilization. The discussion interested me, and perhaps it may interest my readers, so I venture to report it as well as I can:

The Manufacturer. I sometimes wonder how long the country can continue to absorb the incredible number of automobiles produced annually. Are you men aware that there are more automobiles owned and operated in the United States than in all the other countries of the world put together? On top of that fact place the fact that new cars are being turned out under the system of mass production by the hundreds of thousand every year, and you can form some idea of the top-heaviness which the industry is facing.

The Financier. I don't see anything to worry about yet. The purchasing power of the American people is steadily growing. They are buying automobiles out of past or future savings, and I am inclined to think that an automobile is a better thing for the average family to put its savings into than gewgaws and furbelows.

Myself. What do you mean by future savings?

The Financier. I mean the system of installment buying, which has been carried to a higher state of perfection in the automobile industry than in any other trade. When a man buys a car, pays so much down, and agrees to pay the balance in monthly installments, he at once becomes a saver. He has to.

The Advertising Expert. Yes; but the trouble is that he is constantly tempted to buy other things on the same basis—an oil burner for his furnace, perhaps, or an electric refrigerator, or a radio outfit. Why, you can even get your house painted on the installment plan nowadays!

The Financier. True enough. Like every other good thing, the system can be carried to a foolish and even a dangerous extreme. But this is a fault of administration, and is not inherent in the system itself. A proper credit-inspection organization can prevent over-extension of credit in retail buying just as it can in mortgages or bank loans.

The Advertising Expert. Of course, it is to my self-interest to have the automobile industry extended. They are great advertisers. But I sometimes think automobiling is overdone. At any rate, automobiles have emphasized certain social vices.

Myself. Such as what?

The Advertising Expert. Such as congestion of traffic, indifference to fatal accidents, extravagance, and, above all, waste of time and other forms of dissipation among the young people. President ——, of the University of ——, told me the other day that the automobile was the bane of his life. At six o'clock in the evening he might know that his students were where they belong, on the campus. At eight o'clock they might be fifty miles away at some disreputable road-house, while the university authorities were in utter ignorance of how they were conducting themselves. If he could have his way, he said, he would abolish the automobile for undergraduates.

Myself. You must offset those vices by two very great social virtues which the automobile has contributed to American civilization—good roads and good cookery. Good roads are not merely of economic value, but they have greatly aided the distribution of intelligence and culture. They have made consolidated schools possible, to which the children are brought in automobiles. The auto is rapidly driving out the one-room cross-roads country school, where the acme of education was "readin', 'ritin', and 'rithmetic." The farm boy or girl now often has at command a good library or a good laboratory, thanks to good roads and automobiles. As to cookery, the country-wide improvement in the cooking and purveying of food can be realized only by those whose business took them to our country villages thirty and forty years ago.

The Manufacturer. Right you are. When I was a traveling salesman, forty years ago, it was almost impossible, outside of the best and most progressive cities, to buy a palatable meal in a public place. Salesmen used to arrange their itineraries so as to get to certain towns on Saturday night where they could be sure of a decent meal on Sunday. Now every village that is reached by automobiles has a place where you can get palatable food, even if it is nothing more than a "hot dog" stand. Good roads and good food are transforming

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this country; we owe that to the automobile.

The Lawyer. If you men are as much interested in good roads as you seem to be, you ought to get behind a movement to improve the roads of your own State of New York. There is now before the Legislature a bill to establish a gasoline tax, the proceeds to be used in building and maintaining State roads. Perhaps you think New York has pretty good roads. In proportion to its area, wealth, and population, it doesn't compare with several other States—North Carolina, for instance, or Pennsylvania. Forty-three States have adopted the gasoline tax, and you are about to see at Pinehurst what it has done for the State of North Carolina. Unfortunately, there is organized opposition to the gasoline tax on the part of truckmen and bus owners. Trucks and busses consume many more gallons of gas to the mile than light cars and pleasure vehicles. But it is just that they should pay more tax for upkeep of the roads, because they subject the roads to their greatest wear and tear. If automobilists generally realized the three great advantages of a gasoline tax, I believe they could put it through in New York. These three advantages are:

1. It is easily and simply paid and the pocketbook scarcely feels it.

2. It is returned to the taxpayer with interest in the saving of tires and parts which well-surfaced roads effect.

3. The visiting autos from other States pay something to road maintenance, to which they ought to contribute and towards which they now contribute nothing at all.

The Pullman Porter (opening the door and saying with great tact:) Did you ring, sah, for me to make up the berths? It's eleven o'clock.

Myself (rising preparatory to retiring to my own berth). Good-night, gentlemen, and thank you. You have written my weekly article. All I have to do is to transcribe it to paper.

Five Hours in Court

At the Hall-Mills Trial

By EDMUND PEARSON

TWO years ago, looking to my own edification and an article for The Outlook, I traveled into Connecticut to get a better view of the total eclipse of the sun. The thermometer promptly fell to zero, and my devotion to science was rewarded, in part, by two frost-bitten ears. On a morning last week, before daylight, as I ran through Twenty-third Street on my way to the Jersey City ferry (street-cars and taxis are scarce at that hour) I was made uncomfortable by an icily bitter wind which roared across the Hudson River, and I painfully recalled the cold day of the eclipse. It was necessary to remember everything I had ever read about the heroic deeds of reporters and war correspondents who have swum rivers and faced savages in order to get the news. Doubtless the amateur reporter always has an unusually hard time. And if his tastes are for such oddities as eclipses and murder trials, he may not complain if the weather is unfavorable and the scene remote.

It is not that a murder trial need be a rarity to the New Yorker. Only three days before, with a hundred other men, I had spent a morning in a court-room to learn whether my services as juror were desired in the case of *The People against Nick Resko*. Fortunately, they were not, and even now I do not know how or why or if Nick killed his man, nor what the twelve men who got into the jury-box decided as to his guilt.

But there are murder trials and Murder Trials, just as there are rhinestones and Kohinoors, just as there are fifty-cent novels and First-Folio Shakespeares. And if the Hall-Mills case was not the "trial of the century," it has been the most written about, and the most often photographed and discussed. So much written about, in fact, that I must plead the excuse of having something a little different to say as my reason for adding another page or two of print to the thousands already published.

MANY very estimable people, as I am aware (frequently they take especial pains to tell me so), think that the whole topic of murder trials is low, base, sensational, degrading, sordid, and morbid—to name but a few of their adjectives. One of the best of American newspapers, with which I long had the honor to be connected, the Boston "Evening Transcript," has almost ignored this notorious murder; has plumed itself upon this abstention, and received many approving pats upon the back from its readers for so doing. Another admirable paper, the New York "Times," has reported it fully (as the London "Times" would certainly have done) and with perfect impartiality. The faithful readers of a third fine newspaper, the "Christian Science Monitor," have never so much as heard the names of Mr. Hall and Mrs. Mills; New Brunswick, New Jersey, is to them merely the seat of Rutgers College, since they are also officially unable to take cognizance of the third claim of this city to celebrity: the presence of the factory which makes the famous mustard plasters and surgeon's bandages. But another New York newspaper has taken a most sinister part in the case, and probably wrought more to the public damage than did the unknown murderer of De Russey's Lane.

The attitude of the press toward the case, and especially of those papers which seek "a good story" above all else, forms one of the interesting features which made me wish to witness a few hours of the trial. Another is the state of mind—or emotions—of that large section of the public which is far hungrier for a "good story" about a crime than for the facts. These facts sometimes fulfill, in a most unexpected way, the requirements for a good story; sometimes they are absolutely disappointing. In the latter instance romantic persons turn angrily from the facts or refuse to consider them at all. They then have recourse to the tabloid and other unscrupulous newspapers in which the reports bear only the most distant relation to the truth. It has been my opinion for four years that a romantic and totally false deduction made, perhaps by a newspaper reporter, at the time of the discovery of this crime confused public sentiment and caused it to hug a delusion ever since. This mistaken public opinion strengthened the arms of the sensational newspaper and of the officials who revived the case and undertook the recent prosecution, which was, in point of fact, the outrageous persecution of four totally innocent persons.

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This was about the twenty-ninth day of the trial, and it was the next to the last. After four years of gossip, of secret investigations in police stations and before a grand jury, after months of trial by newspapers, and after three weeks of hammering by the special prosecutor for the State—which, if it shed little credit upon the Government of New Jersey, was at least open and in public—after all this, the defense was at last having its innings and getting in its reply. All three of the defendants had gone upon the witness-stand and submitted to a ruthless cross-examination. The other prisoner, indicted but not on trial, had sought the privilege of testifying, and had been allowed to put in a denial, but not the chance of proving his alibi. The tide of public opinion had unmistakably turned. Persons who four years ago loudly and triumphantly announced their belief in Mrs. Hall's guilt, and who during the past summer and autumn had changed this to the parrot-like formula, "Well, I don't believe that she did it herself, but I think she knows who did"—these folk, after observing the weakness of the State's case and the favorable impression made by the defendants, were suddenly becoming forgetful that they had ever held any views at all, and were quite willing to change the subject of conversation to the health of King Ferdinand, or the Einstein theory, or almost any other topic.

THE Somerset County Court-House, at Somerville, has the usual exterior appearance of formality of an American public building—it is a handsome structure of white marble—and, inside, the usual atmosphere of informality, also a typical American characteristic. We shall never do well in gold lace; we click heels and bow from the waist with extreme awkwardness. In any county court-house from Concord to Carson City, however, we can be sure to find the usual amiable old gentlemen in blue coats, moving their jaws slowly over gum or tobacco or chewing a cigar. They are not courtly, in one sense, but they are kindly and easy-going. The sheriff, if he was that, who inspected my letter wore not even a button to indicate his office. The policeman who guarded the door of the court-room had plenty of brass buttons, and a big automatic on his hip, but he reclined easily in a chair, and did tricks with a big cigar, which were the more remarkable from one possessing only two teeth. When I ignorantly sat down in the chair reserved for the Associated Press man, I was not bawled out (as I might have been in the city), but the leisurely constable, who came over to inspect my press ticket, guessed that I might stay there if I liked, and p'r'aps the other feller wouldn't come. If he did, I might run a chance of getting a poor seat when the court filled up. Just as I liked, of course, but here was a good seat now, where I'd be sure to be safe.

As it grew toward ten o'clock the body of the court was full, and all through the day people waited outside the door for any chance vacancy of a single seat. There was the customary audience at such a trial, more than half of them women. Few young girls; there were many comfortable-looking middle-aged women, wearing spectacles and carrying bags of luncheon. They were prepared to stick like barnacles to their chairs for six hours. A few city folk, in knickers or other sport clothes; these had motored over for the day. The young man beside me said that he lived in Somerville; he had secured entrance through his acquaintance with one of the freeholders—evidently men of might in a New Jersey county seat. He pointed out celebrities to me, gave me some sweet cakes to restore my strength during the noon recess, and told me that he had been at the trial but once before. That was on the day when the Pig Woman testified; he had seen that spectacle—stage-managed by a yellow journalist, so the defense charged—when, during a dark and gloomy afternoon, that peculiar woman had been dramatically borne into court on her hospital bed, and had delivered her accusations in a weird, wailing voice, while a trained nurse stood at either pulse and the court stenographer relayed her answers to the jury. He expressed his opinion that the Pig Woman was a lineal and spiritual descendant of Sapphira. And so did the man in front of me. And so, at last, as I read by to-day's paper, did the twelve jurymen when they considered her testimony on the day of decision.

HERE was Mr. McCarter, formerly Attorney-General, and now leading what the newspapers called the "billion dollar" defense. (It has been the policy of the newspapers, which have been cheering on the prosecution, to represent the defendants as inordinately wealthy and unbelievably wicked; while the State, as impersonated by the special prosecutor, Mr. Simpson, and his chief witness, Mrs. Gibson, stood for poverty and virtue.) In looking at Mr. McCarter I got my first shock. Where was this old and feeble man of whom I had read so much? He is a pleasant-faced and vigorous man of about sixty. He sat down and began to examine some papers. His clothes were very modern in cut, and, in a good sense, in the latest fashion. He looked rather more like the year of 1926 than did most of the young newspaper men who were ranged in two semicircular rows behind him, and who had been describing him as far gone in decrepitude.

This is an odd thing. Is it a part, perhaps, of the current literary chatter about "youth," a part of the "youth movement," of which we hear so much, to represent forty as the age at which men ought to be laid away, and sixty as one which should be suppressed by law? I looked again at the reporters. A large number of them seemed to hover around twenty-one, but they did not appear ever to have been young. I fancied that Mr. McCarter could give any of them two strokes a hole at golf.

The jury filed in: elderly men, certainly, except for one in his twenties; heavy and slow men physically, but wide awake enough after the charge of the day before that they had been sleeping in court. Mr. Simpson, the special prosecutor, walked rapidly to and fro. He is a little man, given to fancy collars. He might pass for a comedian in a variety theater, and a good one. His eye is alert and merry; probably he could put on kilts and give a fair impersonation of Harry Lauder. And there is something in the curly hair over his ears, and something in his comedian's expression, which inevitably suggest the rôle of picaroon and sniper: the man who would always, and in whatever profession he worked, be regarded by the regular practitioner as a little outside the pale. In Shakespearean criticism he would be a Baconian; in politics, a believer in Bryanesque nostrums like free silver; if he were a physician, all the other doctors of his town would make a noise like a duck whenever they wished to describe him.

The three defendants walked in, alone and apparently unattended. They came from behind the bench, and took their three chairs facing the jury, just as they have been shown in ten thousand pictures ten thousand times during the past month. It gave one an odd feeling to see them—as if there had entered President and Mrs. Coolidge and Douglas Fairbanks, or any other three whose presentments we forever see, and whose actual persons are strange to us. A woman in black, and two men with spectacles. One of the men is ruddy-faced, alert and pleasant, but quiet. The other one is

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big; he stares behind his thick glasses, but is more than careful to shake hands and smile with Mr. McCarter and the four or five younger lawyers who gather round them. The lady greets them all, and as she does so her face lights up with a smile which is cordial, sincere, and agreeable.

I HAVE heard much talk upon the supposed appearance of criminals and murderers. I have not that touching faith, which many persons possess, in any ability to read character and to discriminate between the evil and the good by looking at them or at their pictures. I have known of mild-faced youths who have suffered justly for the commission of atrocious crimes. Also I once heard the warden of a Massachusetts prison say that he was quite certain that the cranial lines and facial characteristics of his prisoners could all be duplicated at any time in the Legislature of the State. Although character and past reputation, church membership and conduct, are all to be considered when anybody is under accusation, I know that none of these things is certain proof of innocence of any crime.

But of one thing I am certain. There is one kind of person who cannot, by any conceivable chance, commit two murders with a pistol and a knife. And that is a person who is two miles away, playing bridge; or persons who are the same distance away, and in bed; or a person who is fifty miles away, catching bluefish. And that is what I am firmly convinced was the distance and occupation of the four accused persons in the Hall-Mills case at the time of the murders. And that was the conclusion of the twelve men best qualified to judge at the close of the trial. And I submit that any reasonable person will be compelled to the same verdict if he will be guided by the evidence and not by prejudicial opinions, formed four years ago and obstinately retained, nor by half-truths and slanders repeated more recently by some newspapers.

Of course, I admit that I went into court with the strongest possible doubts that Mrs. Hall has any resemblance, morally or physically, to Messalina, Lucretia Borgia, or Bloody Mary—to all of whom, in the conventional manner of prosecutors, Mr. Simpson likened her next day. I had never been able to detect in her portraits—even in newspaper pictures, which are rough on everybody—any of the undesirable characteristics which many persons professed to see there. Moreover, I am certain that if I were thrown into jail to-morrow on the charge of an atrocious murder, and if even my most flattering photograph were published in the press, a great many people would discover instantly that I have "hard, steely eyes;" that I look "remorseless;" and that my features are altogether those of a cruel and pitiless villain.

I tried my best to see what these cock-sure people had been talking about. Mrs. Hall bore herself like a woman of good breeding and dignity. Her face was sad, naturally; but it was sweet and, when she smiled, kindly. She had been going through the most horrible of ordeals, yet she was maintaining her composure, and, in the manner of women of her race, her courage. What did they wish her to do, these reporters who called her the "Iron Widow"? Wave her arms in the air and scream? Go into continued hysterics? As I looked about at a number of the youths and damsels who were writing their reports for the papers, I came to the conclusion that that was exactly what they expected; what the women they knew would have done. A "Peaches" Browning they would have understood and liked; another kind of woman puzzled them.

What is the correct conduct for a person accused of murder? I have never been able to discover. If you are calm, you are charged with being hard and cruel; if you howl and weep, that is a sure sign of guilt.

There were reporters in that court who looked like men and women of good sense and judgment. Probably they were responsible for the excellent reports which appeared, often over their signatures, in the papers which I saw. But there were many others of whom, without wishing to be unkind, it seemed entirely probable that they had never seen a lady in their lives—only the impersonation of one now and then in the movies. And then always a "society leader," all lorgnettes and haughtiness. Calm, reticence, dignity, and an absolute horror of notoriety were qualities which perplexed them; they could only describe these as "hardness," "frozen-faced" Puritanism, and by all the other terms with which some folk, recently come from Slavic, Oriental, or Mediterranean countries, like to abuse the descendants of the old American stock.

MRS. HALL'S portraits, none of them do her justice. The folk who think they see in them the signs of a callous and cruel nature are victims of psychological suggestion. They would find evil in a portrait of St. Cecilia, or of George Washington, if it were presented to them with the information that the subject was accused of crime. Mrs. Hall has a trick—common to near-sighted persons when not wearing glasses—of narrowing her eyes slightly as she speaks to any one. I have known dozens of men and women who have it; but if I were employed by a tabloid newspaper to write sensational rubbish, I dare say I could make capital out of it, in one way or another.

Mr. McCarter finished his address to the jury, speaking in behalf of the defense, and concluding the speech which had commenced the afternoon before. Then Mr. Case, junior counsel for the defense, made the final appeal for that side. He spoke for an hour and a half before luncheon and for two hours afterwards, or until the close of the day's session. I am little given to enjoyment of oratory, but I found his long speech of unfailing interest. It dealt, of course, with a subject with which I was familiar even in detail; and I was, moreover, sympathetic with the cause he was pleading—as I think was practically every one in the court except the prosecutor. The lawyer occasionally fell into the unpleasant habit of yelling; he sometimes dealt in pathos, and ended on a note which visibly affected some of the jurymen. But his address seemed to me ably adapted to its purpose. His description of his theory of how the crimes were committed, and his destructive analysis of the testimony of Mrs. Gibson, the Pig Woman, compared favorably, I should imagine, with many of the best examples of legal argument and oratory. This part of the speech was of the most intense interest, and held the court in perfect silence for an hour. He made the direct suggestion that the Pig Woman was a highly suspicious personage, present at the scene of the crime, by her own statement; accustomed to carry weapons, and to shoot at suspected thieves. He said that the theory of her guilt would explain many things in her testimony otherwise obscure, but whether this impressed the jury I do not know. They had already been convinced of her untrustworthiness by her own testimony; and, however much they might have enjoyed, they probably did not need any further speech-making. On the next day, after careful deliberation, they delivered the verdict which deserves respect, not merely because it is the law's decision, but because it was a long-delayed act of justice.

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"Al" Smith and the Nation

I—Why Not "Al" Smith?

By Don C. Seitz

ACCORDING to the World Almanac, the Catholic Church in the United States claims 18,654,028 communicants. One of them is Alfred E. Smith, three times Governor of New York, who has just been re-elected for a fourth term by a majority approximating 275,000. He carried into office by his success all other members of the Democratic State ticket except the Attorney-General. Mr. Ottinger, the present incumbent, pulled through mysteriously by a margin of 10,000. Personal popularity such as the Governor has gained is seldom so long sustained in the United States as is manifest in his case. His repeated triumphs place him in the front rank of candidates for the Presidency in 1928.

The Governor was formidable enough to deadlock the Democratic National Convention in New York for a fortnight in 1924. He is much stronger now, and an unmistakable propaganda is at work to make him the Democratic standard-bearer two years hence. This is evoking growls from the South and West, where Catholicism is but lightly represented. In the North and East, from Illinois to New England, the sentiment in his favor is singularly favorable. It seems to take no cognizance of religious differences and to consider only the merits of the man.

WHAT are these? To begin with, he has been in public life for upwards of two decades without becoming either corrupt or stale. He is a born New Yorker who has arrived at distinction—something of a rarity. He did not come from the slums, but from a rather respectable tenement-house region. Tammany Hall is his political foster-father. As a member of the New York Legislature he performed efficient service both for the city and the State. Among his fellow-legislators he won great respect. He has achieved personal popularity without resorting to any tricks. He is truthful, direct, and wise.

There are those who believe that the tiger cannot change its stripes any more than the leopard can alter its spots, but the sage Artemus Ward once said it could be done with a paint-brush where nature had neglected to supply the proper markings. Another wise man is quoted as saying that the leopard could change its spots—when it became tired of one, it could move to another. Whether by paint-brush or locomotion, Tammany has undergone a considerable change. For one thing, it is submerged in the great votes cast by the other boroughs. It cannot dictate, and there is not much left for it to deliver. Tweed, John Kelly, Richard Croker, and Charles F. Murphy disposed of almost all the privileges that were worth paying for. About all that remains is a moderate amount of patronage and the pleasure that goes with "playing" politics. In this game Smith and his associates are adepts.

WITH but fifty per cent of the enfranchised voting, it makes it easy for the interested to triumph. This need not imply crookedness. The purity of the ballot in New York is pretty close to snow white. Up-State legislators have seen to that, while protecting as far as possible their own graveyards. New York City is a paragon of political purity compared with Philadelphia, even though it be Democratic, while the former is powerfully Republican.

Smith's merits as an administrator are considerable. He has in a long course of public life developed the habit of decision. He does not dilly-dally with affairs nor shilly-shally in his opinions. He is frank and aboveboard. To say that he is a big man in the American sense would not be true. He is an average man well equipped by inclination, habit, and experience for political life. He is a politician, just as Calvin Coolidge is. In a democracy politicians are necessary. We cannot all say, "Politics is a dirty game," and betake ourselves to the golf-links.

So it is that the politician survives and tries to fulfill his functions. Smith does it successfully. Wherein is he weak? The answer must be desultory and indecisive. In the complex growing out of prohibition the Governor and a few others, like Governor Ritchie, of Maryland, and Senator Edwards, of New Jersey, have frankly declared themselves wet. None is on record as desiring the restoration of pre-Volstead saloon conditions. Nobody is. There does exist, however, a powerful body of people who feel that the better interests of the country, its respect for law and its political integrity, are threatened by the existing situation. They believe there should be some sort of a modification—just what none has made plain. The light-wine-and-beer compromise is no more than a gesture.

YET it is clear that some one of the parties will be compelled to take the issue on board. That prohibition is embedded in the Constitution does not bar further action. Indeed, it makes it all the more probable from the very imperviousness to opinion which the Constitution provides. Opinion will not be stilled or habits changed by written words. There is ample evidence of growing impatience with existing conditions. The majority of 1,200,000 for modification in New York was a loud notice that further action impends.

Long heralded as the party of Rum, Romanism, and Rebellion, the Democratic might be looked upon as the one the issue was most likely to seize. But before the Eighteenth Amendment went into effect more Democratic States were under prohibition than were those of Republican leanings. As to rebellion, Stephen A. Douglas, over whom the party split, received 1,300,000 votes, his secessionist rival some 800,000; so the bulk of the party was not rebellious. Southern Whigs were just as much for secession as Southern Democrats. In the matter of rum, it must be admitted that many saloon-keepers were Democrats.

THE problem facing both parties now is the one as to how far both are split on the liquor question, and which one will have to take up the wet side of the contest to save itself. The Whigs failed to accept anti-slavery, and died.

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The Democrats may refuse to take up modification. But within both parties the issue has already sown the seeds of wreckage.

Prohibition and the anti-Catholic sentiment are pretty closely allied in the South and West. The South was sick of whisky-drinking and gun-toting; it is Baptist, Methodist, and Presbyterian. It is much more pious than the Northeast, at least. That Rum and Romanism should enter the White House in the person of Alfred E. Smith seems to them beyond possibility. There may, therefore, grow out of it another Douglas-Breckinridge situation, by which the Democratic Party will once more smash itself, though hardly with the bloody consequences of 1860. The political situation is fast resolving itself into the one prevailing in that fateful year. It is plain that people are more and more coming to regret that the Eighteenth Amendment was not made permissive instead of mandatory. The item in the Constitution recognizing slavery was the thing that prevented curative legislation. Prohibition has been placed in the same position, with a rebellious public striving for some way out.

Douglas tried to set aside the Constitution and to substitute popular sovereignty. Smith is standing for modification. Douglas failed, and his movement precipitated civil war. Can there be a compromise outside of the Constitution? Probably not. So there lies before America a long and uncertain road. Say what you will, the question will not down. An "Al" Smith who is not Catholic could perhaps clear the path. It may become straight enough even for him.

II—Why "Al" Smith?

By George Fort Milton

THERE seems to be a tremendous amount of propaganda seeking to convince the dry Democracies of the South and the West that they should accede to the Presidential nomination of the Nation's leading nullificationist, Governor "Al" Smith, which has even increased in fervor since the general election of November, 1926. This propaganda bears lightly upon Governor Smith's fitness for the Presidency, but puts a great deal of emphasis on the theme that he can win.

The editor of The Outlook has propounded three points for me to discuss: First, Mr. Smith's attitude on prohibition; second, the political support that he would get from Catholics because he is a Catholic; and, third, the relationship of Governor Smith, as a product of Eastern and urban machine politics, to the Democratic Party as a whole. To these must be added the question: What is behind this Smith agitation, anyway?

I

MR. SMITH'S attitude on prohibition, and that of Tammany, has been described by Senators Borah and Walsh and Mr. McAdoo as nullification. A New York member of Congress, Mr. Frederick Davenport, writing in The Outlook in October, said: "This New York referendum, in effect, asks Congress to . . . permit each State, if it pleases, to nullify . . . the Eighteenth Amendment."

Governor Smith's wetness is notorious. Under his leadership the New York Legislature repealed the Mullan-Gage State enforcement law. Under his further leadership the New York Assembly submitted to the voters a referendum about which Justice Crane, of the New York appellate bench, in his decision said:

"Congress could not constitutionally do that which those voting in the affirmative would by such vote suggest that it should do. Congress cannot abdicate its power to define . . . what shall be deemed an intoxicating beverage."

How does the country as a whole respond to the wet appeal? The wets claim November election solace from Massachusetts, where David I. Walsh, very mildly moist, defeated Senator Butler, whose dryness is unpronounced. But Governor Fuller, a stanch prohibitionist, defeated Mr. Gaston, an ardent wet, by 150,000. There is not much wet comfort in Massachusetts. New York's ardent drys defeated Senator Wadsworth, whose wetness was equal to that of Smith himself, and many analysts insist that Mills's wetness shriveled his up-State vote and led to his defeat.

In Pennsylvania a dry Democrat came within 125,000 votes of defeating a wet Republican for the Senate; true enough, William B. Wilson had the Vare primary practices to help him; but Wilson carried 55 counties, and came to Philadelphia with a majority of 100,000. Wilson's wet running mate for Governor, Judge Bonniwell, did not carry a single county against a dry Republican, and lost many which never go Republican in off-election years.

Vic Donahey, Ohio's Democratic Governor, dry, a stanch progressive, and an ardent foe of Smith and Tammany Hall, was elected for a third term. His running mate for the Senate, former Senator Pomerene, was defeated. Mr. Pomerene was wet. Mr. Willis, his successful Republican opponent, is dry, and the Willis victory was purely a prohibition test in Ohio.

The Governor's most ardent devotee in Illinois is George E. Brennan, Roger Sullivan's successor as boss. Brennan entered the Senatorial race with the specific declaration that he was running to show that "Al" Smith could carry Illinois.

After the nominations, the Senatorial investigating committee brought forth the damning fact that Brennan's opponent, Chairman Frank Smith, of the Illinois Public Service Commission, which made the rates for Insull's companies, had accepted thousands of dollars from Samuel Insull, Chicago utility overlord. This impropriety was so manifest that a dry Republican entered the field as an independent, and gave Brennan a splendid chance to win.

In the 1914 Senatorial race Roger Sullivan had come within 17,000 votes of victory. Sullivan's campaign situation was inferior to Brennan's. Despite all this, the Smith boomer failed to make the grade. The dry Republican won by 50,000, dealing a body blow to Tammany's big parade.

The wets lost out in the Missouri, Colorado, and California referendums. In the last State, McAdoo led a battle which gave that State a prohibition majority of 60,000, the largest ever had. Nor did the Congressional and Senatorial elections add to wet strength in Washington.

From a Democratic standpoint, the party of Jefferson is as substantially dry in the South and the West, with a few exceptions, as the party of Burr is wet in the East. Both sections have cross-currents; Pennsylvania Democratic dryness is a much more important defection from Tammany than the dry losses in Montana and Nevada. It is almost im-

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possible to achieve any compromise between the dry Democrats of the South and West and the Tammany wets. Even the Smith claim of victory cannot bridge this chasm. The stronger Smith insistence, the more unyielding resistance elsewhere is sure to be.

II

As to the question of Catholicism. It should and must have no place in American politics. Religious faith is in no sense a proper test of fitness or unfitness for office. Any good citizen should far prefer an honest, efficient, public-spirited Catholic to a Protestant in whom these qualities were noteworthy by their absence. *Vice versa,* we must prefer an honest, able Protestant to another Protestant—or a Catholic—whose conduct of office would be detrimental to our great Republic. It is not a matter of religious faith, but of ideals, integrity, and devotion to the Constitution.

To my mind, Senator Thomas J. Walsh, of Montana, would be an infinitely preferable President to Calvin Coolidge, Nicholas Longworth, Herbert Hoover, Governor Ritchie, or Oscar Underwood. The Montana Senator is dry, progressive, and a real public servant. Similarly, the courage, character, and experience of William G. McAdoo, to say nothing of his devotion to the Constitution of the United States, affords him a Presidential equipment far superior to that of Governor Smith. The fact that McAdoo is a Protestant and Smith a Catholic has no bearing upon it. It is the character and policy of the man, not the faith which he holds. I would esteem it as great a privilege to urge the election of Senator Walsh or Mr. McAdoo as I would it a duty to oppose the selection of a Tammany nullificationist.

As to any group movement of Catholics to send one of their faith to the White House, I have grave doubts. It is much more likely an enterprise of the wets than a deliberate policy of any religious body.

Certainly this was true after the hundredth ballot in the 1924 Democratic Convention. Both Smith and McAdoo had withdrawn their names. Choice was then afforded between a dry Catholic and a wet Protestant—Senators Walsh and Underwood. Had the Smith fight been a Catholic one, Tammany would have gone to Walsh.

One-third of the vote which left McAdoo went to Walsh. None of the Smith votes went to him. On the ninety-ninth ballot Smith had 353 votes; on the one hundredth ballot he had 351½. The California delegation threw its entire strength to Walsh, and other strong McAdoo supporters went to the Montana Senator. Colonel Patrick H. Callahan, a prominent Catholic layman, points out that at this time "there was a chance for his nomination had New York, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, and Illinois done likewise. It would not be correct to say that these States voted against Walsh because he was an outstanding Catholic, but rather because he was dry. The real machine forces in the New York Convention, controlled by such leaders as Olvaney, Hague, Brennan, and others, were not so much interested in the religious faith of a candidate, except as the argument would be useful to further their own ends, as they were in the wet or dry position of each candidate."

But what happened to the Smith votes? The Governor's own delegation from New York gave Underwood, a Protestant wet, 86½ votes, and was followed by the other wet States. Smith's men didn't turn to Walsh. Therefore the same Catholic leader points out:

> The country has been led to believe that New York and other Eastern States where there is a large Catholic vote are interested in Smith because of his religion, which is not true. The New York balloting clearly shows that the wet Catholics of the East would not support a dry Catholic, as they had an excellent chance to nominate a Catholic had they so desired in 1924.
>
> On the other hand, the record shows that many of the leaders in the McAdoo camp, who were first and foremost dry, would support a candidate who held these views whether he was a Catholic or a Protestant, and the wet Eastern forces would only support a candidate providing he was wet.

The large number of outstanding dry Catholics, such as Colonel Callahan, who are vigorously and irrevocably aligned against Governor Smith incline me to the belief that Smith would not have any solid Catholic backing. It seems much more likely that Smith's faith is being capitalized by his backers as a threat that unless he is nominated all Catholics will knife the Democratic Party, a menace which the patriotism and good sense of the membership of the Church makes it impossible to believe.

III

A Tammany candidacy has no more contact with the rank and file of the Democratic Party, outside of the few similar city machines of Brennan in Chicago, Hague in Jersey City, and that in Boston, than Senator Butler has with the La Follette Progressives. The word "Democrat" essays an impossible task when it seeks to cover such utterly irreconcilable elements. One searches in vain for a common denominator of similar ideals sufficient to give a bond of party unity between the henchmen of Smith or Brennan and the followers of Walsh, Meredith, and McAdoo.

This is more than a political difference; it is social and economic, and all-pervasive. To most of America New York is not a thing of pride; it is more of the alien force, a huge agglomeration of wealth and power, unwilling to adhere to the laws of the country, and largely ignorant of our National aspirations and needs. I myself am not asserting that this is entirely true; one cannot indict all New York; but it has enough flavor of truth to make the desirability of a New York direction of the Nation highly debatable.

The fact that Governor Smith, not only is New York minded, but even more is Tammany minded, will operate to the average non-New Yorker as a bar to his availability for the Presidency. He has had an appealing career—almost an Oliver Optic romance. He seems the idol of the average Manhattan man. But this is a very different thing from being an idol of the average man south of the Potomac and west of the Alleghanies. The New York mind is not the American mind; it may be better, but it is a thing apart. We need Nationally minded Presidents; not those to whom the appointments of the assembly district are more important than the welfare of a Western State.

IV

One cannot conclude any consideration of a Smith candidacy without asking what it all means. Not even the blindest of partisans can believe that the New York Governor can be elected. His nomination would almost certainly precipitate the formation of a new political party in the South and in the West. If dry progressive Democrats did not themselves do it, the Republicans, with their unerring political foresight, would organize one themselves. With such an alternative, Smith could not carry two Southern States. But even on the assumption that there was no new Democratic movement, he is an optimist indeed who will credit Smith in a general election with the ability to carry, against a dry Protestant Republican, Tennessee,

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Kentucky, Oklahoma, North Carolina, or Arkansas.

In regard to the effect of a Smith nomination in his section, a prominent Western Catholic recently wrote me:

"If Governor Smith were the nominee, the hope of the Democratic Party as a force in government in the region west of the Mississippi must be abandoned."

How foolish it is to think that Smith could win! Carrying New York for President is far different from carrying it for Governor; but, even assuming that Smith would win New York, his Southern losses would more than offset it, and he would not have a ghost of hope from the Mississippi west.

It cannot be that the Tammany boomers believe in Smith's election. There must be something up their sleeve. The empty honor of a hopeless nomination would not attract them. Their only conceivable object would be the control of the Democratic Party in every State of the Union; they want to own the machinery. This might be accomplished through a Smith nomination. It would be of great value to the reactionaries, for the G. O. P. would thereby be insured a new lease of life.

The vested interests which normally use the Republican Party to control the Federal Government feel that it is easier to defeat a progressive Democrat in a National convention than at the polls. Tammany control of the National Democratic organization would be cheap insurance of reactionary rule.

C. W. Eliot's Principle of Freedom of Opinion and Utterance

IN the minute on the life and services of President Eliot, of Harvard, adopted by the Faculty of Arts and Sciences of that University and drawn up by Professors L. B. R. Briggs, G. H. Palmer, G. F. Moore, F. W. Taussig, and T. W. Richards, is this sentence describing President Eliot's attitude toward those on the Faculty who disagreed with him:

"Hard as he fought, it was characteristic of him to place the University printing-office at the disposal of an organized minority in the Faculty, that, without cost to themselves, they might publish an argument designed to block one of his dearest projects."

Intimidation or Discussion

Which Is the Better Way of Dealing With the Liquor Question?

A Self-Explanatory Exchange of Letters

November 4, 1926.

Mr. Ernest Hamlin Abbott,
The Outlook,
120 East 16th Street,
New York City.

My dear Mr. Abbott:

The other day I sent a check for my subscription to The Outlook. If an impression I have concerning the attitude of your Mr. Seitz is correct, I would be glad to have that check returned and discontinue my subscription.

Mr. Seitz delivered an address at the Congregational Church in White Plains of which I am a member. I was not there, but it was reported to me by two thoughtful, discerning men. They said that Mr. Seitz advocated the nullification of the Eighteenth Amendment and quoted as one of his arguments, Jefferson Davis.

Now, that's enough for me. If the quotation is correct, Mr. Seitz overlooked one important thing, namely: when Jefferson Davis got to the point where he could not conscientiously obey the laws of the Federal Government, he withdrew and went out to fight for his convictions. I think now, any man who is unwilling to obey the laws of this country ought to exercise the common decency of quietly withdrawing from the country. He does not belong in the United States and has no just claim to the protection of the flag.

I cannot help but wonder what would be the attitude of your illustrious father if he were alive now. I am sure of this: there would be no quibbling; there would be no soft, spineless morality made manifest in his utterance. I am wondering also just what Theodore Roosevelt would be writing and saying if he were living now.

My dear Mr. Abbott, I intend to go after this thing pretty hard, in my limited sphere, for if The Outlook is going to join the saloon crowd then it ought to be known. So far as I am concerned, there is no use trying to convince me with any sort of superior *intelligentsia,* that there is a middle ground. The issue is clear cut; one group of people is contending for prohibition, the enforcement of law, the preservation of constitution government; the other crowd is advocating the nullification of law, the entering wedge proposed being a little "light wine and beer," which is just a sop to fool the people and bring back the old saloon.

If there is any explanation before I say anything further about this in public, I shall be glad to have it.

Very cordially yours,
FRED B. SMITH,
Chairman, Executive Committee,
Citizens Committee of One Thousand.

Headquarters,
66 Fifth Avenue,
New York.

November 5, 1926.

My dear Mr. Smith:

You have evidently not been reading The Outlook of late. If The Outlook's position on any public question is so important that you think it worth while to enter into a public discussion of it, I wonder that you have not followed its editorials.

You will pardon my frankness of speech, because you were very frank with me.

Briefly, The Outlook believes that the Eighteenth Amendment should be enforced and observed. It believes that any attempt to leave the interpretation of that Amendment to the several States is a proposal in favor of nullification. To the maintenance and enforcement of the Eighteenth Amendment it can see only three alternatives: First, nullification, which would be demoralizing and unthinkable as a policy; second, the return of the saloon and the legalized liquor power with all its evils; third, the virtual entrance of the United States Government and the governments of the several States into the liquor business—a proposition which we regard as Government ownership and operation in about its worst form.

You wonder what the attitude of my father would be if he were alive now. Of course, I cannot tell you; but I can tell you what his attitude was before he died. He was against the Eighteenth Amendment in the form in which it was proposed. He did not believe that it had a proper place in the Constitution of the United States. He believed that it was introducing a statutory element into a document that ought to be confined to principles inherent in the structure of government. Nevertheless, when the Eighteenth Amendment was finally adopted by Congress and there was no prospect of changing its form to one adding to the powers of Congress rather than introducing a statutory element into the Constitution he acquiesced—somewhat reluctantly, I think—in the

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ratification by the States. He had fought the abuses of the liquor trade all his life, both as a writer and in his own community as a citizen. In that, in a humble way, I was his associate. He believed that the best way to secure the abolition of the legalized liquor trade was by the process by which progress had been made—the extension of the principle of local option. He never looked back, but always looked forward. Since the Amendment was adopted, though in a form which he did not himself approve, he believed the duty of the citizen was to observe it and to support its enforcement. I do not know what his attitude would be upon the referendum in New York this year; but I can tell you mine. It is that the referendum was a piece of hocus-pocus to mislead the voters and to relieve the politicians of the burden of taking sides on a question which they found embarrassing. I think that the proposal was wholly unconstitutional and it was, as it proved to be, wholly futile except to give encouragement to those who are violating the law.

Mr. Seitz is entitled to his own opinion and can freely express it. On this matter of prohibition he differs from the policy of The Outlook. The fact that he is a member of The Outlook's staff does not, and should not, limit his freedom of utterance.

As The Outlook stands out among weekly journals of general circulation in advocating the enforcement of the Eighteenth Amendment, it deserves the support of such a Committee as your own, and ought not to be subjected to uninformed criticism.

Very sincerely yours,
ERNEST HAMLIN ABBOTT,
Editor-in-Chief.

Mr. Fred B. Smith,
Citizens Committee of One Thousand,
66 Fifth Avenue,
New York, N. Y.

November 24, 1926.

Mr. Ernest Hamlin Abbott,
Editor-in-Chief,
The Outlook,
New York City.

My dear Mr. Abbott:

Pardon delay in answering your letter of November 5th. On the 6th of November I went to Pittsburgh for the annual Convention of the World Alliance, and have been away ever since.

I read your letter with care, but I regret to say that you seem to miss entirely the real issue which is involved. I am not discussing the editorial columns of The Outlook. I have read The Outlook rather persistently, and I know its past position. I have been a great admirer of it.

But it has lost its interest so far as I am concerned simply for this reason: you have on your staff a man who will go out and deliberately, without a blush on his face, preach the doctrine of the violation of law. That is no passing joke. If Mr. Seitz believes in the saloon and wants it back, if he belongs to the whisky crowd, let him stand up like a man and say so, and I will respect him, but I will not tolerate a paper in my house which has on its editorial staff a man who will go out and advocate the nullification of fundamental Constitutional law.

I wonder if you would be willing to answer this question. Do you believe Mr. Seitz is living within his rights as an editor of The Outlook to go to the Congregational Church at White Plains and before two hundred men—

ADVISE THEM TO VIOLATE THE VOLSTEAD ACT AND THE EIGHTEENTH AMENDMENT?

This is the question I want answered, and your letter does not touch that question. You simply beat around the bush with a lot of fine formal phrases that are meaningless, and I am going to be frank with you once more and say that unless you make some explanation on this point I do not want your paper in my house, and I shall feel perfectly free to make pretty wide use of the incident.

Very sincerely yours,
FRED B. SMITH,
Chairman, Executive Committee,
World Alliance for International Friendship Through the Churches.

Executive Offices,
70 Fifth Avenue,
New York City.

December 3, 1926.

My dear Mr. Smith:

You wanted to know The Outlook's position with regard to prohibition. Overlooking the implied insult in the form of your question—I quote your words: "if The Outlook is going to join the saloon crowd"—I answered you specifically and without qualification.

Now you tell me that you were not discussing the editorial columns of The Outlook. It is, of course, in its editorial columns that its position is made known. If you are going to change your position from letter to letter, I do not see how I can answer you. But I shall try.

Over Mr. Seitz's personal utterances I have and seek no control. I answered your former letter without even showing it to him or asking him what he said. I was sure that he did not advise any one to violate the law. Since, however, you wish to make the inquiry of him through me, I have referred your letters to him, and he gives me the following answer:

Thanks for showing me Mr. Smith's two letters. While they both smack of coercion behind a moral mask, and while I do not ordinarily take the trouble to explain my words, his statement is so inaccurate that I must object to it. I did not advise any one to nullify the law; I do not believe in violating the law; but I did say that the law is being violated, and I quoted Jefferson Davis's remark when he said this had become an impractical government, after Senator Davis of Massachusetts said that it was not possible, in the face of public sentiment, to enforce the Fugitive Slave Law in Massachusetts. I asked then whether or not the people of New York would submit to a dragonnade for the purpose of stopping a man's procuring a glass of beer. I do not think they will. I then quoted The Outlook's position, that, had the Amendment been made permissive, so that legislative adjustment could be possible, we would be saved this endemic rebellion, which is widespread over the country.

All this was in answer to a question, and not part of my address.

Mr. Seitz's opinion concerning the possibility and desirability of the enforcement of prohibition The Outlook opposes; but his right to the expression of that opinion The Outlook will defend.

If you are undertaking a campaign against the saloon and the legalized liquor traffic, we are heartily with you; but if you are undertaking a campaign against freedom of speech we are against you.

We shall be unmoved by any threats from our position in defense of free speech, as we shall be undeterred by any threats from our course in fighting to give the Eighteenth Amendment a square deal and to secure the observance of the law.

There is nothing that the liquor crowd wants more than to see the forces that are opposed to them divided. W. H. Anderson did more to injure the cause of law enforcement than many advocates of the wet side. I know your intentions are of the best. Look out that you do not lend yourself unwittingly to the enemy.

I am,

Very sincerely yours,
ERNEST HAMLIN ABBOTT,
Editor-in-Chief.

Mr. Fred B. Smith,
World Alliance for International Friendship Through the Churches,
70 Fifth Avenue,
New York City.

P. S.—Although the assumption on which you have based your letters is contrary to fact, we are returning to you your five dollars and are crossing your name off our list of subscribers. In your present temper you will not feel at ease in the company of people who believe that the safety of democracy rests in free discussion.

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Panorama—American University of Beirût

Uncle Sam in Beirût[1]

By ARTHUR BARTLETT MAURICE

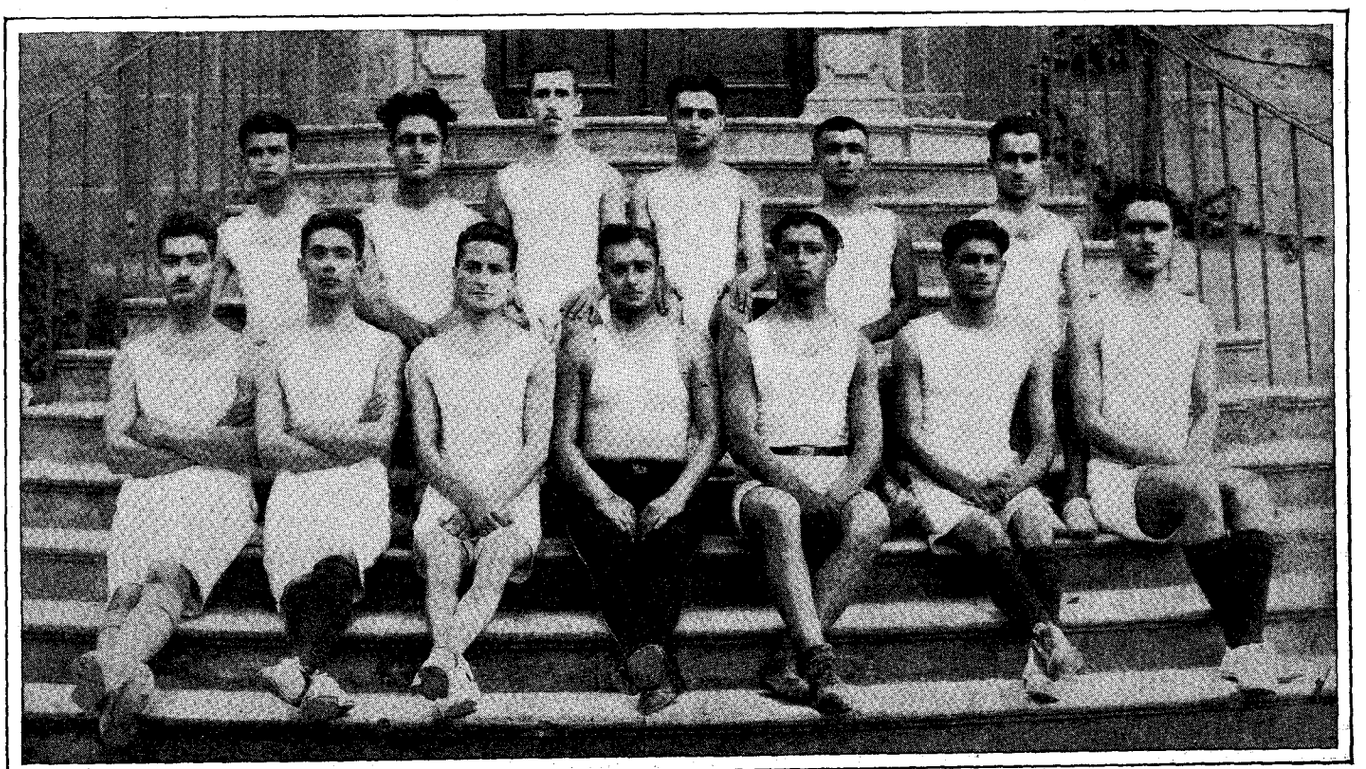
"EAST is East and West is West and never the twain shall meet" was the Kipling pronouncement. But to that pronouncement Beirût is a flaunting defiance. This Syrian port is a real gateway to the East. Yonder are the mountains of Lebanon, and the road that leads to Damascus and the street called Straight. It is not the caravan, but the little railway train winding northward along the water's edge, that seems the anachronism.

IT was a year ago that I first saw Beirût. As the vessel anchored in the harbor it was surrounded by the inevitable little craft of piratical aspect, and up the ship's side clambered the horde of porters, venders, and money-changers, grimy, strangely garbed, bewhiskered, entirely Oriental. Then I understood the perturbation of my old friend Tartarin of Tarascon, landing at Algiers, and his ringing call to arms at the apparition of *les Teurs*.

In small boats manned by gesticulating natives, who seem always at the point of laying violent hands upon one another, but somehow find time for shrewd bargaining, the travelers are conveyed across the stretch of water to the landing pier. There, with the French under-officer who examines and stamps passports or landing cards and the cluster of modern buildings about the wharves, we are momentarily in the West. But it is only for a moment. A few steps and we plunge into the heart of what was yesterday the old town. In the labyrinth of narrow winding alleys and curious covered passageways to which the sun never penetrates we are back in the world of "A Thousand Nights and a Night."

But to the dream of the golden prime of the good Haroun-al-Raschid there comes speedy interruption. It is Fitbad the Tailor, sitting cross-legged in his shop, who looks up from his work and grins to accompany his verbal greeting—"Hello, Mr. Chicago! Oh, say, can you see?" A grimy hand pushes against your shoulder. A countenance so vil-

[1] This is one of several articles written by Mr. Maurice after following the trail of Uncle Sam around the world.—THE EDITORS.



The University Gymnastic Team, with its American Coach. This team is composed of four Syrians, four Armenians, three Persians, and one Greek

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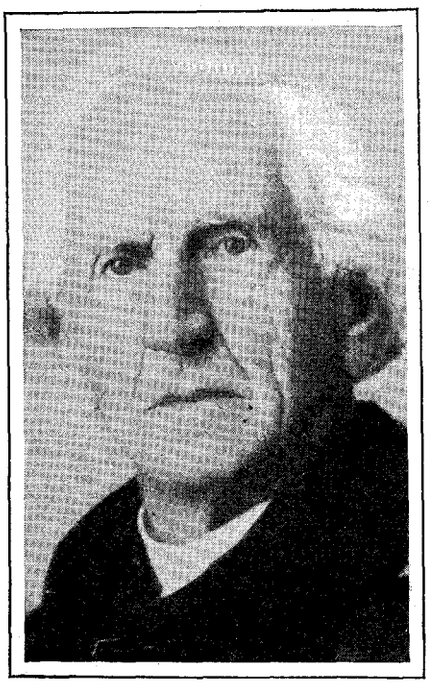
lainous that you are sure it must belong to one of the forty thieves of Ali Baba, who somehow escaped his just retribution, leers into your own countenance. He informs you that he is a very good American, that he used to drive a "dollar-quarter" taxicab in New York. You are puzzled to know just what he means by a "dollar-quarter" taxicab, but his confession of profession is one that you are inclined to accept without question. Then, of course, in a sing-song voice, a very dirty half-grown youth, who conforms to the mental picture of what Aladdin must have been before the finding of the wonderful lamp, announces: "Yes, we have no bananas to-day." Like most of the rest of the world, he knows that to be the American National anthem.

FROM the bazaars, from the alleys and covered passageways, you emerge into the bright sunshine. At tables in a corner outdoor café bearded Orientals are sipping coffee and indulging in a game resembling chess or checkers but which is neither one nor the other. There is the East. But above the heads of the players, over the café entrance, is a huge sign. The blue background of the sign carries two lines of lettering. The upper line reads: *"Achetez un Ford et depensez la difference."* The line beneath is obviously the Arabic wording of the same advice as to motor-car selection and economy. That the advice has been taken is evident by certain familiar honks that rasp the air.

The way to the Sok, or market-place, leads across a bright square that is a little bit of transplanted France. Long before the days of the French mandate over Syria the French were here. It was more than seventy-five years ago that Thackeray made the journey through the Mediterranean that he described in "From Cornhill to Cairo" and told of the great French store that he found in Beirût, with the latest modes from Paris, and the pretty French girl in charge, and the bearded French officer with whom she went on quite happily about love, the last new bonnet, or the battle of Isley, or the "Juif Errant."

To-day the town is alive with French officers in horizon blue and French *poilus*. There are times when, as one stumbles up a dark alley, with swarthy faces all about and the West for the moment apparently far away, the sight of two or three of the uniforms brings a sense of very pleasant personal reassurrance. The French hold upon the interior of Syria may be shaken, and the spirit of revolt may, and very probably

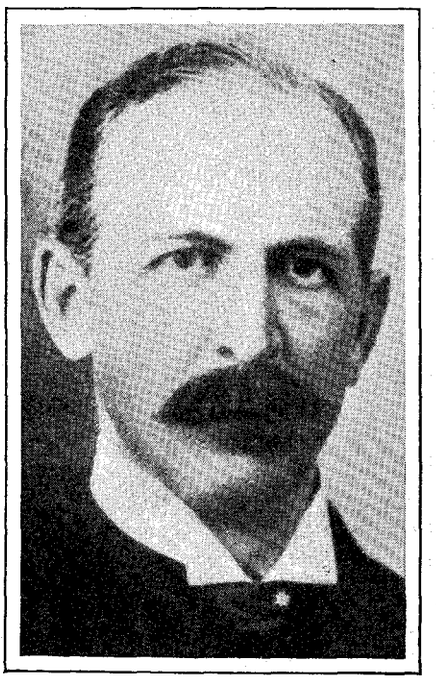


Dr. Daniel Bliss

From 1864 until 1902 President of the Syrian Protestant College at Beirût

does, exist here beneath the crust. But on the surface there is nothing that suggests anything but amicable harmony. In the "Place" the paramount problem of daily life seems to be the draping of the *devanture*, and in the Cercle Militaire the officers sit apparently as unconcerned as if it were in a garrison town of Brittany or Auvergne.

If East predominates in the bazaars and West in the "Place," East and West mingle in the market-place. Here the



Dr. Howard S. Bliss

Son of Daniel Bliss and his father's successor as President of the College until his death in 1920

ship of the desert ruminates placidly, undisturbed by the crackling exhaust of the motor car, which in seven cases out of ten is a product of a factory of Detroit or Flint. Conspicuous in the foreground is an Oklahoma license plate, attached to a car body that has been so altered and rebuilt that even the eye of long motor-car experience is at first at a loss to guess at the particular make. From somewhere within the car comes a voice unmistakably of the American Mid-West. "Good-morning, folks! Like to look at my Chinese Mercedes?" Then the voice goes on to tell astonishing tales of mileage, of travels of the past and the projected journey in the immediate future. The route laid out for crossing the Mesopotamian desert is described quite as casually as if it were a matter of going over the Storm King Highway or down the Rumson Road.

BUT the crowning experience illustrating the meeting of East and West came when passing a Syrian hotel with an entrance on a side-street. There were the sounds of revelry within. Voices were raised in a song of which both tune and words were familiar. They had to do with the exploits of one who had been "a soldier of the King" and who had evidently been highly unpopular with "the Frenchmen and the Indians." With the end of the song came a barking cheer. Then other voices were raised in song, a song even more familiar and closer to the heart—a song about "going back, through all this earthly ball, to the best old place of all," and announcing the determination of the singers to "clear the track" as they went back. From the door of the hotel there emerged a young Syrian, apparently a student, garbed in conventional Western clothes, but wearing on his head the red fez of the Mohammedan countries. In precise English he answered the amazed questioner. "The noise inside, sir? The Princeton Club of Beirût and the Amherst Club of Beirût, they hold a joint reunion."

It is conceivable that an American in Beirût might suffer from homesickness. But it would be less likely to be caused by any sense of remoteness than because here he is so constantly being stirred by suggestions of his native land. The trail of Uncle Sam is easier to follow in Beirût than in any other city of the Near East.

THERE is more than the flamboyant advertisement of American-made motor cars, the occasional American business sign, the casual greeting and

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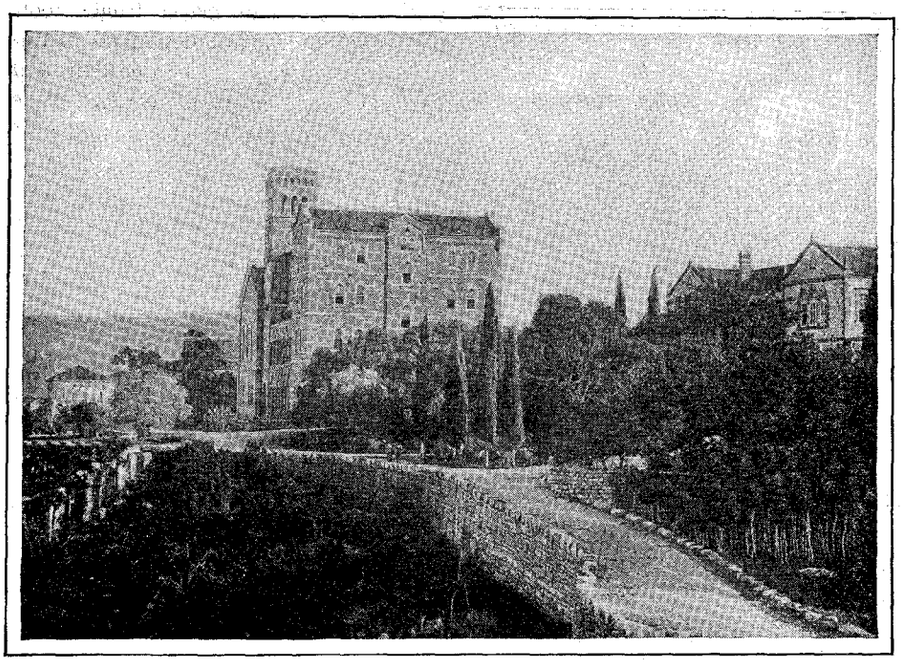

An American Campus, below the Cedars of Lebanon

meeting, the chance overhearing of bits of familiar song, the scraped acquaintance with the Syrian who imparts the narrative of his adventures as a rug merchant in the United States. All this merely suggests America; to find an actual America actually functioning in an American way it is necessary only to step into a tram in the center of the town and ride a mile or two southward along the water-front. There, on an eminence overlooking the Mediterranean, are grouped the buildings of the American University of Beirût. For the past six years it has been that. For nearly sixty years previously it was known as the Syrian Protestant College.

Here, save for the palm trees and the conspicuous fez, is a campus which might almost be taken for a college campus of New England. In outward aspect it differs less from an educational institution in America than an American college differs from an English one. The United States is in the architecture and the grouping of the buildings. There is the suggestion of the American tradition in the manner in which the students proceed from recitation, gather in the commons, turn to their play on the tennis courts. In a word, it is a bit of America transplanted and functioning with the Lebanon in the background.

A twin institution of Robert College in Constantinople, the American University of Beirût is typical as representing the best work in educational and humanitarian lines that is being done by organized American effort in Near and Far Eastern lands. Its story is substantially the story of these institutions throughout the world. Chartered by an act of the New York State Legislature of April 14, 1863, what is now the American University of Beirût represented a new phase of missionary work. It began with seven students who met for instruction in the home of Daniel Bliss.

Ten years later there were seven instructors, all Americans, and fifty students, all Syrian Protestants. To-day the institution is non-sectarian, with a Faculty of one hundred and twenty and a student body of almost twelve hundred. The work begun in the home of Daniel Bliss is now carried on in forty-three buildings. The roll of the more important structures reads like a similar roll from an American college catalogue. Here are Sage Hall, and Rockefeller Hall, and Martin House, and Bliss Hall, and Thomson Hall, and Pliny Fisk Hall, and Morris K. Jessup Hall, and Robert H. West Hall, and Post Hall, and Marquand House.

The early aim was purely educational, and the beginning was with a School of Arts. But soon those carrying on the work recognized that the greatest need of the land was in a knowledge of medicine. Fifty years ago the medical school was established, to be followed quickly by schools of pharmacy and dentistry. In time a School of Commerce was added. By 1920 the name the Syrian Protestant College had become both misleading and inadequate. It was only after grave deliberation that the new name was adopted, for a certain danger seemed to lurk in the use of the word "American." In 1923 came another innovation. The University became co-educational. It was a move forced by the Syrians themselves.

To present statistics is the quickest and most forcible way of emphasizing the curious cosmopolitanism of this far-flung educational melting-pot. The University rolls include 421 Syrians, 160 Palestinians, 149 Armenians, 144 Mesopotamians, 108 Egyptians, 36 Persians, 33 Greeks, 20 other Asians,

Under the Banyan Tree, between Classes

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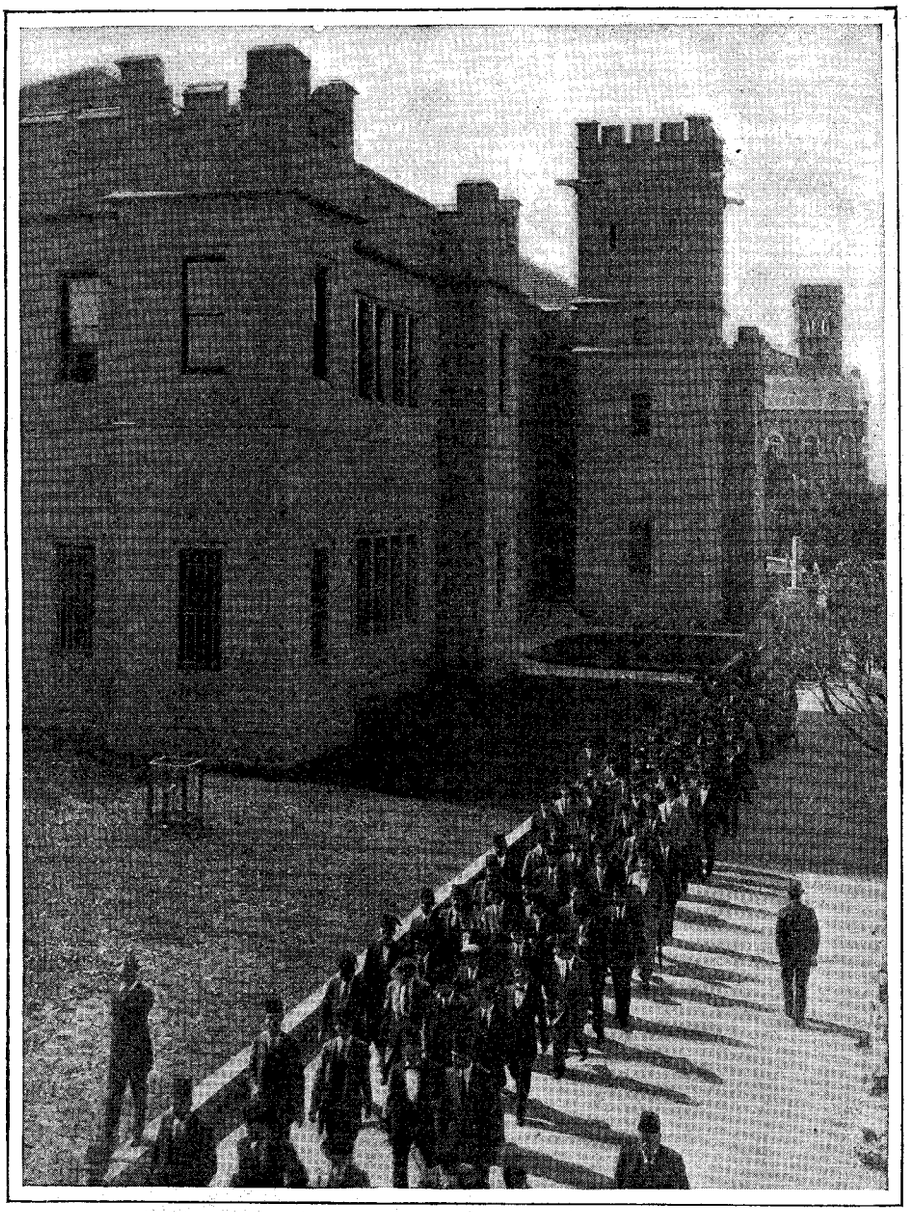

The red-tarbooshed students give their Faculty no "football problem," for the summer sun always shines

and 51 Europeans and Americans from North and South America. The North Americans are usually children of resident members of the Faculty; the South Americans, children of Syrians settled in South America. They are sent back to the native land of their parents in order that they may acquire the pure Arabic. How far the institution has progressed from its old name of the Syrian Protestant is shown by the religious division of 569 Christians and 553 non-Christians. Of the latter 411 are Moslems, 91 Jews, 36 Druses, and 15 Bahais. Among the Christians there are only 209 Protestants—186 being Greek Orthodox, 75 Gregorians, and the rest Copts, Greek Catholics, Maronite, Latin, and Chaldean.

There is one point upon which the day of a student at the University of Beirût differs from the day of the student in an educational institution at home. For practical reasons chapel has been made the second, and not the first, call in the day's work, it having been found that the Levantine student can be more easily won to punctuality by class work than by religious devotion. Therefore the day begins with a recitation from 7:30 to 8:25. A brief recess, chapel from 8:45 to 8:55, and then classes from 9 till 12, luncheon and recreation from 12 till 2, classes from 2 till 4, and after that participation in various sports. Athletic competition with rival institutions is confined to soccer, which alone boasts a Varsity team. Last year the soccer team traveled as far as Egypt, playing teams of other colleges. But every week sees intramural contests in tennis, basket-ball, and track. The climate makes Rugby football or its more highly developed American equivalent out of the question, and all attempts to introduce baseball have failed, only the American students ever playing it.

If the high cost of education is a problem in Beirût, it is only relatively so. Of the students of the University of Beirût, approximately one-third work their way through college or contribute partially to their own support. Expenses are computed in the Egyptian pound, which, slightly exceeding the English pound in value, may be regarded as equaling five dollars. The tuition fee for the whole year in the upper schools is 17 Egyptian pounds. Twenty Egyptian pounds a year is the rate for what is known as the basic fare in the University restaurant, and this may be supplemented by ordering extra dishes, for which the students pay in cash or "restaurant tickets." On such extra dishes the average student pays about 6 Egyptian pounds per annum. The University refectories are open to all students, but boarding there is compulsory for all students of the under classes of the School of Arts and Sciences, who live on the campus. Four Egyptian pounds is the charge for lodging in one of the dormitories, and such lodging for most of the students is compulsory unless their homes are in Beirût or they live in the homes of near relatives in Beirût. The cost of text-books and instruments for the entire college course varies from 10 Egyptian pounds in the School of Pharmacy to 45 Egyptian pounds in the School of Dentistry. Twelve pounds covers this expense for four years in the School of Arts and Sciences.

THE Levant dreams of a vast "Irak University," but it is not yet come, and is not likely to come for many years. In the meantime it turns to an institution which, with Oriental profusion of language, it has called "the Oriental Queen." Last winter the son of the Sheik of the greatest tribe in Irak entered the American University of Beirût. He brought with him the following letter of introduction: "The bearer is the son of Sheik Ajeil Bey El Yawer. We are sure that you will give this boy your special care, so that others of his type will be encouraged to seek education in 'the Oriental Queen.' His presence in the University will be of value not only to the institution, but to our country, which is poor in education and in sound characters."

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A Field

By DIXON MERRITT

THE hill field was beginning to be tired—not really fatigued, but just honestly work-weary. With a few more years of work, this weariness would become tissue-wasting fatigue, that which in soils is called erosion. So the hill field must have what John Stayhome thought of as its vacation, what a collegian might think of as its sabbatical year. And that latter would be the more exact conception, though the collegian might not know that the practice of giving sabbatical years began, not with professors of colleges, but with the fields of the old Israelites, lying idle under the law. But there has come—through what prophet of the spirit?—a better sabbath of the fields. They need not lie fallow or waste with weeds, but may know the better rest—better because it is service still—of grass and grazing cattle. So John Stayhome was seeding the hill field down to timothy and red-top and rye grass and white clover, not for one year merely, but for two or three or five, as the character of the new sod might determine.

As he harrowed his seed bed fine, crossing and double-disking to get rid of the volunteer growth of crab grass, he fell a-wondering how many scores of times before the soil of the hill field had been stirred, how many men before him, dead and gone, had drawn their sustenance from it. His father, his grandfather, his great-grandfather—these, he knew, had labored upon it, but even before the coming of the first of these, the pioneer settler, the hill field was old and worn and work-weary.

The level top of a high hill, a deep overlay of rich loam beneath which the woods were buried centuries gone, it was a treeless reach of land, a cleared field, before ever the ax of the settler rang in the wilderness. And so it became the cropping ground, ready to hand, of those who long preceded the settlers—of adventurers come up from the Gulf seeking fortune, of trappers and long hunters winning through from East and North, of those servants of the future who, like Johnny Appleseed, moved through the wilderness ahead of the tide of settlement, forerunners of those who were to come home-making—each in his turn raising a field of corn for his temporary needs before his restless spirit lashed him farther into the wilderness.

So it came about that when John Stayhome's great-grandfather sighted this hill with his spy-glass from the distant rim and came to make his home by the spring at its base, he found the cleared spot that had attracted his attention a worn old field, cropped to corn, off and on, for probably half a century. And, while other settlers came and all the low-lying lands about were cleared and cultivated, the hill field lay idle, brier-grown, fenceless, the night-time rendezvous of wandering woodland sheep, hundreds of them, that on that open upland space were somewhat safe from wolves.

Then, as the cleared fields of the lowlands became worn, the hill field came under regular cultivation and served its turn for the better part of a generation until John Stayhome's grandfather, well along in life, planted it to peach trees. These, grafted, with less of root stock than the pioneer seedlings which Johnny Appleseed left behind him, did not last very long. When John Stayhome wandered the farm, barefoot, a scant dozen trees were left, Indians and September yellows, in a far corner; and the rest of the field was weed-grown, fragrant all autumn with wild sage and "life-everlasting," the immortelle of neglected places. Finally the last of the peach trees died or was chopped down, the hill field came again under the plow, and, still the best field of the farm, had borne for the greater part of John Stayhome's lifetime the burden and the heat of the day. Never had it known commercial fertilizer; never, because of the steepness of the hill and the difficulty of the haul, even barnyard manure. And still it produced, regularly, abundantly, only a little tired after years of steady cropping.

THUS far had John Stayhome got with his thinking when he stopped the team under the lone locust in the corner and went down to the spring for a cold drink. He came back, puffing from the stiff climb, and snipped a horse-fly from Lady's side with his hand, striking horizontally instead of downward. He spoke to Lady, confidingly, as men do who are much alone with their teams.

"Old Lady," he complimented, "you are smart, even if you are headstrong. Tell me something. They say—the doctors of agriculture do—that you will wear a field out unless you return as much plant food to it as you and the rains take away. They say that the rains leach out and wash away to the ocean more than two hundred and fifty pounds of material from every acre every year. They say that you and I and Buck—blame his yellow hide!—take away fifteen pounds of potash and eleven pounds of phosphorus from every acre every year in corn or oats or hay. Leaving the leaching alone, Lady, and just considering what we take away, how long ought this field to last—just considering us and not those who were here before us? You know—you are twenty-two years old, and have been working this field with me for nineteen years—that we have hauled to the barn and eaten up long ago all the plant foods that this old field ever had in it. And still it goes on making crops. How does it do it—and how long will it do it?"

Buck, impatient of such palaver, pulled away. John clambered to the seat, and the harrowing went on; the thinking, too—how long can a field produce? John Stayhome did not know that three thousand years ago the old Greek philosophers were asking the same question or that the limestone valleys around Athens are still producing as large yields per acre as they did then. He did not know that for hundreds of years Roman and Turk fought for possession of the grain fields of Rumania, that Rumania is still the granary of southern Europe, and that it has not the word fertilizer in its vocabulary.

SIX times around the field; Lady stopped for a long breath. John and Buck humored her by stopping too. John walked around to her head and flicked a wisp of her mane back to the right side.

"Can't tell me, eh, Lady? All right. Then I'll tell you. This old field will go right on producing forever and a year afterwards, provided it always has a sensible man and a sensible mare to cultivate it. How? I'll tell you that, too. Now don't you dare think I'm old and queer; you're old and queer yourself. It can do it because the soil is alive and renews itself. It breathes—I don't know how deeply. It digests. It has a circulation, not just in these few inches that we stir, but clear on down, miles, hundreds of miles, maybe thousands of miles. And the water that goes down

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between the particles comes back up through the particles and brings phosphorus and potash clear from the center of the earth, and when they wash away to the ocean they come back again some time, somehow, through the earth circulation."

Other rounds, harrowing and thinking. The sun sank to the top of the valley trees. Lady stopped at the turn. John climbed down and began unhooking the traces. Lady craned her long neck and looked back at him, quizzically.

"All right," he grumbled, "smile, you old infidel. When I get you home I'll show you—would show you, that is, if you could read—Professor Whitney's book where he says that 'the soil resembles more a living animal than a living plant,' and where he guesses that its circulation gets down to what he calls 'the molten magma' and brings up sustenance. Pester your silly old head about a shortage of fodder if you like! I'm not worrying about exhausting a field that has a good stomach."

The Book Table

Edited by EDMUND PEARSON

School-Books and Patriotic Propagadna

By W. J. GHENT

DO the school-books of the various nations disseminate propaganda that threatens world peace? Do they teach false history, national glorification, the essential rightness of one's own government and people, and the wrongness of the people and governments of other lands? The Continuation Committee of the World Conference on Life and Work, in session at Bern, has formally decided that many of them do, and has resolved to check the practice if possible. Instructors are to be asked to "prevent the teaching of history unfairly," and writers of history text-books are to be urged "not only to eliminate popular but unproved statements, but also everything that might be offensive to other nations." With two American members (the Rev. Dr. Frederick Lynch, of New York, and the Rev. Dr. Peter Ainslee, of Baltimore) on the Continuation Committee, and two others (Dr. Arthur Judson Brown, of New York, and Dr. Nehemiah Boynton, of Brooklyn) on a committee to plan the establishment of an official organ of the Conference, it is evident that the campaign is to be carried on in the United States as well as in other countries.

The diffusion of national propaganda by means of school-books is a matter which in recent years has claimed an increasing attention. Most persons agree that a line should somewhere be drawn between "true" nationalism, a thing needful and proper to teach, and "false" nationalism, an admitted breeder of war. But few agree as to the exact boundary between them, and general agreement is perhaps impossible. What is "true" in history to one nation is "false" to another. There is, however, the strong probability that the grosser forms of chauvinism can gradually be eliminated from the school-books and that history, historical geography, and civics can be taught with a growing approach to the findings of sober scholarship.

At least two studies on the subject of jingoism in school-books have recently been made. The results of one are given in a report published in France by the Dotation Carnegie under a title which may be Englished as "An Examination of Post-War School-Books;" of the other in a book, "The Menace of Nationalism in Education," by Jonathan French Scott, an Englishman. Mr. Scott draws upon the material in the French report as well as upon his own studies. He tries to be objective and impartial, and after a fashion succeeds. But the bias of nationalism lies deep in most of us, and absolute impartiality is perhaps unattainable. An American of even no more than ninety per cent proof may find him a shade too complacent in regard to both British conduct in Anglo-American quarrels and to the treatment of those quarrels by British writers of school-books.

Texts for the German Youth

LET us begin with the German books. The Carnegie report declares that "it is therefore certain that at this very hour, from Cologne to Königsberg, all the younger generation is being impelled toward *revanche*." Not so, says Mr. Scott; the nationalism of the German text-books is bad enough without painting it blacker than it really is. There is much glorification of German heroes and of the national past; there is a general tendency to find other countries responsible for the wars in which Germany has fought; there is bitter complaint over the treatment to which Germany has been subjected; but as for revenge, "direct incitement to it has not been shown to be general." True, the texts have grown more extreme since the early days of the Republic, but, even so, there are distinct movements among students and teachers combating this tendency and making for world peace.

Regarding the Great War and its peace, the texts, as a rule, are admittedly chauvinistic. Germany was guiltless, a lamb among wolves, and the war was thrust upon her. With some writers it is France that was most to blame; with others England; with still others France, England, and Russia bore an equal partnership in guilt. "French lust for revenge, Russian lust for power, English lust for wealth," is the way one writer puts it. With another the arch-conspirator was Edward VII of England. One of them admits that "England did not exactly aim at war," but declares that she "wished to hold in check Germany, whose preparations on land and water seemed dangerous to her." In most of these books the Kaiser and Kaiserism are warmly praised; in virtually all of them the German people are lauded for their many outstanding virtues, while the merits of other peoples are ignored.

Though the United States fares better in these texts than England, France, or Russia, she is by no means left unscathed. Some of the writers are content to say merely that America entered the war because of the unrestricted U-boat warfare. Others, however, utter sweeping condemnation. One declares that President Wilson was hostile to Germany from the beginning; one that the submarine war was merely a "vile pretext;" one that the financial interests of the country dictated the declaration of war and that Wilson was their tool. Though there is little criticism of Americans as a people, one writer observes: "They say of the Yankee that he is crafty, persevering, and very fond of gain, and that he places 'business' before all else." An interesting light on the racial glorification so common in these books is revealed in the credit given to

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the German element of the population for most of America's achievements. According to one writer, out of 72 signers of the Declaration of Independence, 48 were Germans. Another says that "the Germans, through German activity and German knowledge, German faithfulness, German thoroughness, German thrift, and German devotion to duty, have contributed immeasurably much to raise the Union to the proud height on which it now stands." Another asserts that in more than half of the people of the United States flows German blood. There is, however, some criticism of these Germans in America; they show an over-willingness to be assimilated, and as a consequence their influence in American public life is not what it might be if they held together as Germans.

Nationalism in the French Schools

"French nationalism," according to Mr. Scott, "glows with reminiscent ardor in recounting ancient wars with England. But it reaches white heat when it treats of recent wars with Germany." Regarding the causes of the war of 1870, however, the French texts reveal a more balanced judgment. To Republican France Napoleon III is not an appealing figure, and there is small disposition to justify his policies. Though in some of these books Prussia is wholly to blame, in others Napoleon shares the guilt with Bismarck, while in still others the question of culpability is ignored. More nearly unanimous is the verdict and more positive the tone in all the statements regarding the Great War. "The nations of the Triple Entente wished peace," says one. "But it was entirely otherwise with Germany and Austria-Hungary. For a long time these two Powers meditated aggression." The assassination of the Archduke, say a number, furnished a convenient pretext for a war long planned. "For a long time," says one, "Germany had nourished the ambition of making Europe and the world submit by force to her supremacy." That Germany pushed Austria into the war because the time seemed ripe for the fulfillment of her purposes is a common verdict. Only one elementary-school text that he has examined, reports Mr. Scott, reveals a "broad-minded point of view regarding the causes of the war."

It is at this point that a sober historical student may be tempted to take a fall out of Mr. Scott. For it is apparent that he has swallowed most of the statements of even the extreme radicals of the "revisionist" group and that he distributes his praise and blame accordingly. The immoderate degree to which "revisionism" has gone in whitewashing the guilty and assailing the conservers of peace is already producing a reaction, and it seems probable that hereafter we shall have a nearer approach to the truth in the effort to apportion the share of blame. It may be history's verdict, after all, that some of the censured assertions in these French texts are approximately true.

However all that may be, it is not so much in the treatment of the causes of the war as in the treatment of the way in which it was conducted, Mr. Scott believes, that these texts do most to foster hostility to Germany. The story of the mutilation of Belgian children is repeated; massacres of inoffensive people, the killing of wounded soldiers, the burning of harvests, the devastation of fields, factories, villages, and cities, are charged against the Germans. "The war," says one writer, "is truly the struggle of European civilization against German barbarism." Some of these charges are true, some in part true, some others untrue. It is the plain implication of Mr. Scott's comment that in the interests of peace they should all be eliminated.

French Tendencies toward Internationalism

Despite all this evidence, Mr. Scott concedes that France is not "inherently bellicose." Though the French Government insists on an education profoundly patriotic, it distinguishes between patriotism and chauvinism. The programs for the higher primary schools provide for instruction regarding "the relations of the nations with one another; international duties and rights; international solidarity; how the love of humanity ought to be reconciled with love of country; international law; international arbitration; the League of Nations." The League has thus been officially launched in the schools. The Herriot administration was particularly concerned with developing among the children an interest in the League. Authors of manuals of moral and civic instruction try to inculcate, he says, "a reasonable, modest, balanced patriotism, and to synthesize this with internationalism." And he quotes from a writer of one of these manuals the statement that false patriotism "is composed of all the hatreds, all the prejudices, all the coarse antipathies which peoples nourish against one another," while true patriotism "is composed of all the truths, all the virtues, all the rights which people have in common, and which, while cherishing above all its own country, does not allow its sympathies to be limited by race,

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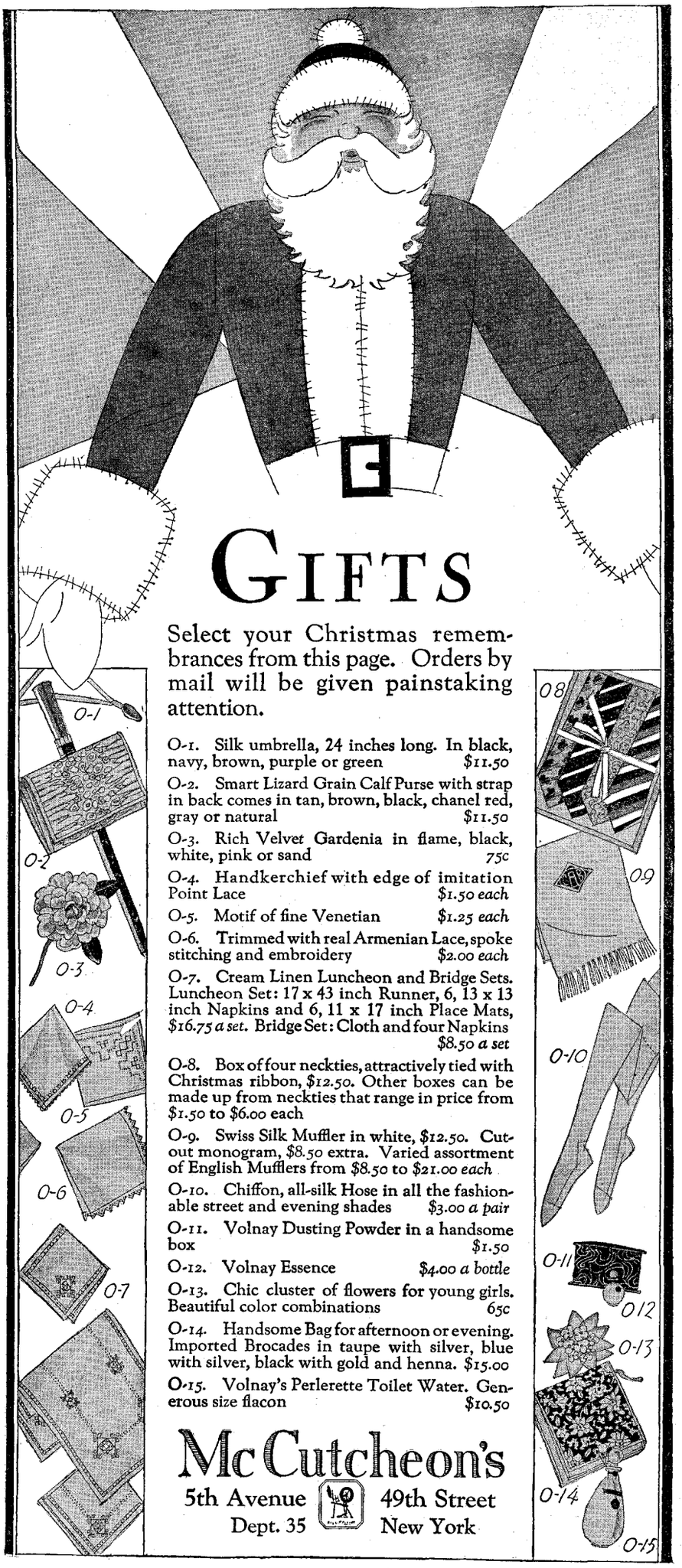
language or frontier." One could hardly ask for a broader or kindlier view of international relationships.

British vs. American Books

BRITISH text-books, it appears, show a wide range of attitude toward other nations, particularly toward Germany. As to responsibility for the Great War, most of them point to Germany and Austria. The main cause, writes one, "was the ambition of the German Empire." "Envy and hatred of Great Britain were fostered in every possible way," writes another. "The Germans confidently believed that when the day arrived they would make an end of Britain and enter into their heritage." None of them deals much in German barbarities, real or imputed, and some do not mention the subject. There are even friendly words for the German people in some of them. The thoroughness, determination, hard work, and thrift of the Germans are praised, though the praise is sometimes mixed with criticism. Their patriotism, says one, has been so narrow as to make them oblivious to their own faults and to the merits of other peoples, and further to lead to their downfall through a determination to make Germany the overlord of the nations. Four books are mentioned which treat the "origins of the conflict cautiously and with approximate impartiality." There is also the explanation that some of the more nationalistic texts had appeared before the advent of the "revisionist" movement, and would probably have been modified had they been written later.

American text-books, it is declared, are not so tolerant of England and the English as are English books of America and the Americans. It is admitted, however, that the former have shown considerable improvement in recent years. "A School History of England," by C. R. L. Fletcher and Rudyard Kipling, is asserted to be one of the few books that show a pronouncedly anti-American attitude. Curiously enough, a broader-minded view is taken of the Revolutionary War than of the War of 1812. In the latter war we acted "with a selfish intolerance" toward England, says the book "Britain and Her Neighbors," and "engaged in the most purposeless war known to history." Oman's "History of England" is scarcely less condemnatory. In view of these and other passages, the excerpt from McLaughlin's "A History of the American Nation," given as a "horrible example" of American jingoism, loses all its force. It is a singular thing that in none of these passages is the slightest mention of one of the chief causes of the war, and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to many scholars the determining one—British intrigues with the Indians on our frontiers.

But aside from such strictures, the English texts, we are told, are usually friendly. In all of them Washington is a hero. Lincoln, Franklin, Decatur, Garfield, as well as many of our poets and prose writers, are praised; and, though our social life and reputed characteristics are sometimes criticised, and though amusing blunders of fact are often made, the general note, we are assured, is one of friendship. One wishes for some examples of criticism of English life and character assumed to be in American text-books, but none are forthcoming.

The Outcome of the Movement

So it appears that the school-children of the nations are subjected to a nationalist propaganda some of which tends to implant hatred. The movement to correct this evil may, if guided by a love of truth, perform a great good. But it may, on the other hand, lose such guidance and run to extremes. It may, in its effort to spare racial and national susceptibilities, foster a kind of history which is merely polite lying. It may demand a slurring over or omission of disagreeable facts. History may be quite as grossly falsified through understatement prompted by sentimentality as through over-statment prompted by vainglory or rancor. A history of the United States, for instance, which should ignore the bill of complaint against George III in the Declaration of Independence, or the subjects of prison ships, the retention of the Western forts, the impressment of seamen, the incitement of Indians, and the escape of the Alabama would do no service to the cause of Anglo-American friendliness. At least one of its effects would be a reaction prejudicial to the very cause it sought to aid. That proved facts are to be told, most thoughtful people will agree. All depends on the spirit in which they are taught. They should be taught, not as things to be forgotten through indifference or remembered with resentment, but to be understood in their relation to time and circumstance. So taught, they can do no harm to the cause of international friendship.

Fiction

FLATLANDS. By "A Square" (E. A. Abbott). Little, Brown & Co., Boston. $1.50.

When this romance of mathematics appeared forty years ago, it proved to be a test of a sense of humor. Some critics totally missed the underlying human satire; others compared it with Swift's "Gulliver;" accordingly comments varied from "arrant nonsense" to "one of the cleverest satires of history." In the end it achieved a wide reading. Ingenious it certainly is, and it is a fair mathematical "stunt" to prove a land of two dimensions as well as to speculate on one of four dimensions. In its way the book is a classic.

THE RED AND THE BLACK. By De Stendhal (Marie-Henri Beyle). 2 vols. Boni & Liveright, New York. $5.

The publishers have conferred a service on those who are interested in the history of literature. Taine averred he had read this book between thirty and forty times. It marked a turn in fiction writing and building, a change which is described as making the interest lie in action within the mind.

DREAD DWELLING. By Richmal Crompton. Boni & Liveright, New York. $2.

The sinister, psychic influence of a house into which a heretofore happy family moves forms the ghostly, old-fashioned theme. One of the boys is a bit psychic himself, so he has a happy psychic thought; he burns the old house down and the evil spell stops! This account makes the story seem more foolish than it is, for the writing and character work are good.

THE BOOK WITHOUT A NAME; BEING THE 18TH CENTURY JOURNAL OF AN UNMARRIED ENGLISH LADY TO HER NATURAL SON. Edited by E. R. P. Brentano's, New York. $2.50.

One inevitable result of Miss Magdalen King-Hall's recent successful hoax is that the cold eye of suspicion will be directed upon eighteenth-century diaries for a long time to come. Enraged dupes of "The Diary of a Young Lady of Fashion" will probably go through this book with a fine-tooth comb, allowing no collocation of dates and names to escape verification. Did the lady hear Handel play at the King's Theatre in 1738? Well, she could have. Or read "a masterly book called 'Emilius' by a Mons. Rousseau" in 1762? That was possible too. We hope that the lady did exist. She writes a delicate and precise prose, and is as calm in speaking of her "natural" (for so she calls him) as that famous tragedienne who was once announced to a petrified English drawing-room as "Mademoiselle Bernhardt et son fils."

THE AUTUMN SAINT. By Maud Hudnut Chapin. Duffield & Co., New York. $1.50.

The familiar situation of a selfish old bachelor softened and humanized by a child. In this case it is an English uncle devoted exclusively to trees and his odd and winning little half-French niece.

Essays and Criticism

THE STATELY SOUTHERNER. By Rex Clements. With Pen and Ink Sketches by A. Weston. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $4.

It is not only the exceeding verity of these sketches that makes them alluring. The drama of the sea and man's struggle for existence in it is a tale long told. But the author has written every word of these sagas of a ship with exceeding beauty. And if terror is akin to beauty we must value that awe-inspiring chapter on "The Wraith of the Pocohontas" quite as much as "The Wide Ethiopian" or "The Ports Desired." With the passing of sail passes a large part of our inheritance, and it surely behooves writers as well qualified as Mr. Clements to preserve the history of those superb clippers which made their miraculous runs before the wind, scorning such an ally as steam: "Never again will a trading keel impelled by the winds alone travel from 50 South in the Atlantic to 50 South in the Pacific in six days. To a most arresting page of history the word 'Finis' must be written." Eugene O'Neill in the group of his earlier plays, "Bound East for Cardiff" and others, has given us the in-

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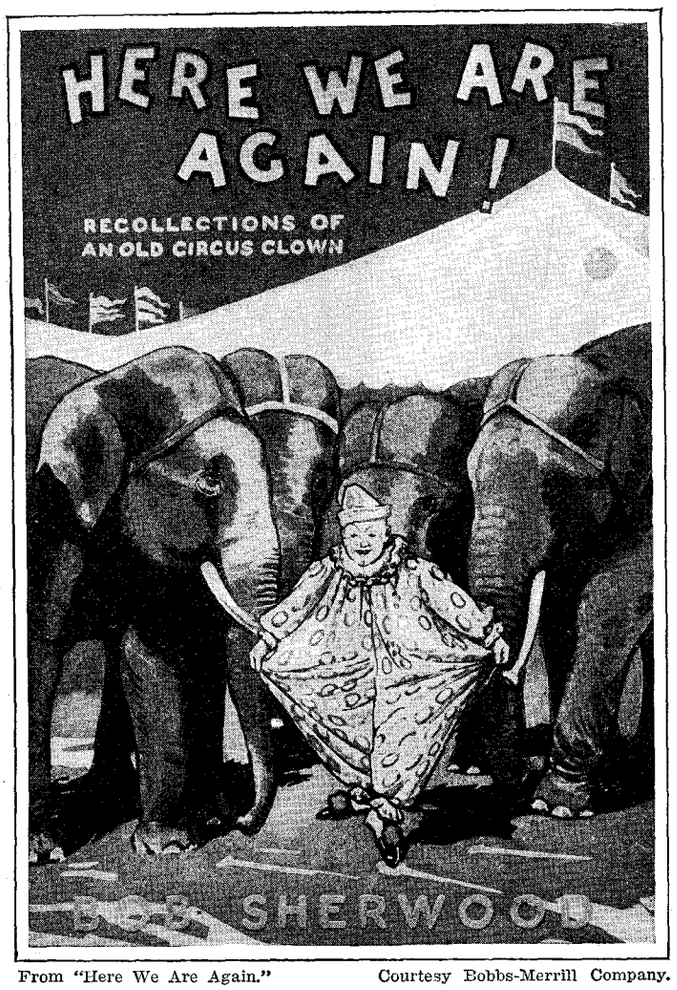

From "Here We Are Again." Courtesy Bobbs-Merrill Company.

side story of the fo'c'sle and the strange, hardened, yet gallant spirits that abode there. But O'Neill has no scene more intense than Mr. Clements's account of a long voyage with "Mac," a seaman turned suddenly madman, in irons in the paint locker, and the tragic finale of his casting off on a desolate island. "They that go down to the sea in ships, and occupy their business in great waters; these men see the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep."

Business

THROUGH MANY WINDOWS. By Helen Woodward. Harper & Brothers, New York. $2.50.

This is the frank and obviously truthful record of the career of one highly successful woman in business. She does not seem to have been the typical business woman and her experiences quite clearly have not all been typical. But some of them have been, and which are the most interesting to read about, those or the others, it would be hard to say. A searching and illuminating book, but one lays it down with the feeling of having emerged breathless from an exciting but rather sorry scramble.

Biography

CHARLES W. ELIOT: THE MAN AND HIS BELIEFS. Edited with a Biographical Study by William Allan Neilson, President of Smith College. 2 vols. Harper & Brothers, New York. $10.

President Neilson's brief biographical study is excellent. There follow essays and addresses by President Eliot—perhaps fifty in number—beginning with his inaugural address as President of Harvard in 1869. He discusses a dozen topics under the head of education; half a dozen on capital and labor; a number on the subject of war and peace; five on the topic of government; and three times that number on "the conduct of life." The last are biographical or philosophical, and include his celebrated essay on "The Religion of the Future."

HERE WE ARE AGAIN. Recollections of an Old Circus Clown. By Robert Edmund Sherwood. The Bobbs Merrill Company, Indianapolis. $3.50.

This delightful book will be read with joy by men and women, and by some intelligent children. The author tells of his entrance into the circus business, his start as a clown, his relations with P. T. Barnum, his acquaintance with other clowns and with many famous "freaks," and his adventures in all parts of this country and in other countries. His recollections and anecdotes cover a long space, from the 60's to the present time.

History

ABSALOM GRIMES, CONFEDERATE MAIL RUNNER. Edited by M. M. Quaife. The Yale University Press, New Haven. $3.

It would be hard to find in the liveliest fiction a greater variety of adventures and hair-breadth escapes than in this volume of real experiences during the Civil War. Captain Grimes was a Mississippi pilot, along with Mark Twain, and the first chapter of the book deals with that worthy's brief service in the Confederate Army. Soldiering did not set well on Samuel L. Clemens, and he soon left its hazards for Nevada, where his brother Orion had become Secretary of State. Grimes saw much of prison and was twice sentenced to death. The picture of the war from the inside is thrilling and terrible.

JAMES DURAND, ABLE SEAMAN OF 1812. Edited by George S. Brooks, with a Foreword by Commander Herbert L. Satterlee. The Yale University Press, New Haven. $1.50.

This is a reprint of an interesting sea tale written by a sailor who saw service on the celebrated Constitution, and was

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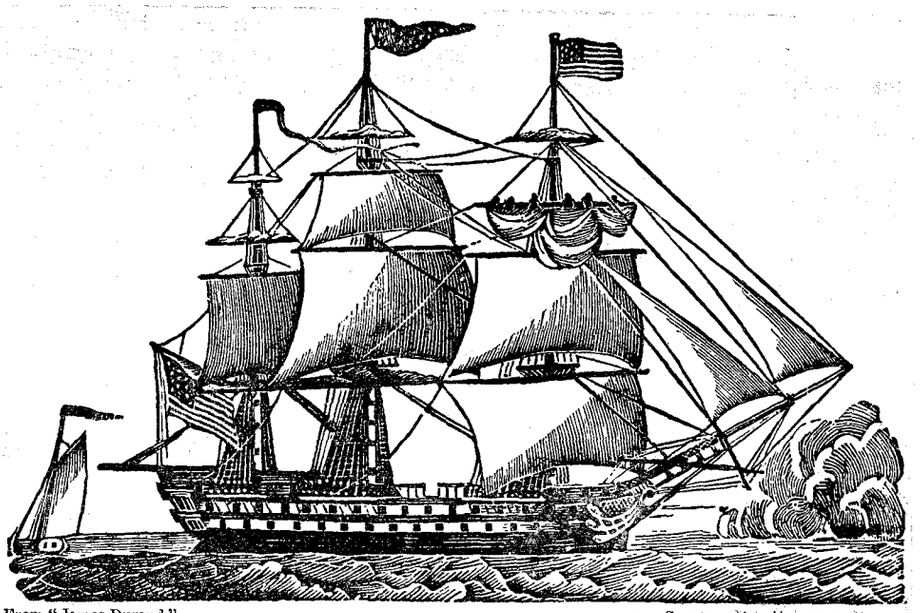

From "James Durand" — Courtesy Yale University Press

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impressed as a seaman in the British navy. It would be hard to say which service was the worst. Both teemed with brutalities and the bos'n's "cat" was always swinging. The book is published with the aid of the Naval Order of the United States.

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EAST OF THE SUN AND WEST OF THE MOON. By Theodore Roosevelt and Kermit Roosevelt. 41 Illustrations by K. R. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $3.50.

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Moses when calling down blessings on Joseph, then long departed, equips him metaphorically with horns of power, "horns of the unicorn," whatever animal was meant thereby—rhino or antelope or mountain goat. The Middle Ages believed the unicorn possessed a solitary straight yet twisted horn in mid-forehead, like the one long ivory tusk of the narwhal in Arctic seas, but perhaps merely considered it a denizen of fairyland, slender and graceful, which protected virgins from attacks of demons foul and of amorous men. The sportsmen did not collect the hide and single horn of the unicorn, although so recently as the eighteen forties Father Huc reported the unicorn in eastern Tibet, citing Chinese pictures of it in proof. But ibex, Asiatic wapiti, antelope, and bear, as well as Polo's sheep, rewarded their frozen vigils and the negotiation of passes 17,000 feet and more above sea-level, where horses and mules and even the all-enduring ass perish from fatigue and rarefied air; only the clumsy yak carries men and goods with perfect sureness of foot, if not with despatch.

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The authors have something to say about the different natives they met, but their main theme is stalking game among the rocks, glaciers, and avalanches, where nothing edible seems to grow and yet many animals contrive to find pasture. A book for sportsmen and nature lovers.

Contributors' Gallery

GEORGE FORT MILTON is president and editor of the Chattanooga (Tennessee) "News" and an ardent follower of McAdoo, with whom he was closely associated during the last Presidential campaign. Since the election he has been taking an active part in the reconstruction of the Democratic Party and the formation of a definite policy. He has written numerous magazine articles on political subjects, and is one of the best-known newspaper editors in the country.

EDMUND PEARSON is editor of publications at the New York Public Library and well known to Outlook readers through the Book Table, which he conducts. Though he is the author of numerous books and magazine articles on a variety of subjects, his hobby is the study of old murder cases. A new book, bearing the intriguing title, "The Murder at Smutty Nose," which contains the study of fourteen unusual murders, will be welcomed by the many who enjoyed Mr. Pearson's "Studies in Murder."

"UNCLE SAM IN BEIRÛT," which Arthur Bartlett Maurice contributes in this number, was inspired on his trip around the world last winter. He has written many books, including "Fifth Avenue" and "The New York of the Novelists."

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WANTED, Hartford, Conn.—Young gentlewoman, occupied throughout day, desires to find congenial employment from 7 to 10 P.M. 7,403, Outlook.

MISCELLANEOUS

TO young women desiring training in the care of obstetrical patients a six months' nurses' aid course is offered by the Lying-In Hospital, 307 Second Ave., New York. Aids are provided with maintenance and given a monthly allowance of $10. For further particulars address Directress of Nurses.

NEW York shopping without charge by an experienced shopper. Reference required. Hattie Guthman, 530 West End Ave., N. Y. C.

By the Way

A WESTERN chain store is reported to have advertised as follows: "Apples, oranges, imported nuts, fruit cake. Come early and avoid the rush. The early bird gets the worm."

Visitor at a New York museum: "Have you a mummy of King Tutankamen here?"

Museum attendant: "No, madam."

Elderly visitor (amazed): "Dear me, that's strange! They have a very fine one in the British Museum."

Prosecutor Simpson's case against those on trial for the murder of Dr. Hall and Mrs. Mills was very much weakened by the complete collapse of the testimony of his last witness, one Frank Caprio. Mr. Caprio (also known as Caprior) is one of the detectives whose fraudulent methods were exposed by Ernest W. Mandeville in The Outlook of October 13, 1926. The Outlook's evidence was used by the defense attorneys in breaking down the testimony of the State's witness and brought about the withdrawal of this portion of the State's testimony by the prosecution.

The Somerville court stenographer has been selling transcripts of the complete testimony to nineteen newspapers, with a $50 daily charge to each, according to an account in "Editor and Publisher." There were over 200 reporters in Somerville throughout the trial, and the average weekly taxi bill for one scribe totaled about $80. There should be a great building boom in Somerville during 1927.

From "Life:"

Mr. Nouveau (explaining his new radio set): "Y'see, the waves ain't sound waves or electric waves——they're ether."

Mrs. Nouveau (correcting him): "Eyether, George."

Carl E. Milkin, of the Will Hays organization, stated in a recent speech that 90,000,000 admissions are now paid weekly to moving-picture theaters in this country. The population of the United States is somewhere between 110,000,000 and 120,000,000. But, of course, some of the movie fans go to "the pictures" two or three times a week.

"Edison, with all his inventions, was a piker," says the "Hardware Age," "as compared with the ambitious young photographer who advertised: 'Your baby, if you have one, can be enlarged, tinted, and framed for $8.79.'"

Judge: "The policeman reports that you were going at a sixty-mile rate."

Prisoner: "That was necessary, your honor. You see, I had just stolen the automobile."

"Oh, that's different. Case dismissed."

A bulletin of the New York Public Library propounds a long list of questions to its readers, a few typical examples of which are here quoted:

"What three American authors, one a great novelist, one a novelist and writer of tales of adventure, whose fame is still growing, and one a living poet, all worked for a time in a customs-house?

"What English author of world-wide fame nearly died in New York?

"What great English novelist, in delight at his success in Boston, drove through the streets of that city with his feet out of the carriage window?

"What author was drowned in the Ligurian Sea?

"What is the real name of the authors known as Fiona Macleod, O. Henry, Æ?" etc., etc.

From the Boston "Herald:"

Kenneth rushed in from play with hair rumpled, clothes soiled, and hands dirty, and seated himself at the table. "What would you say if I should come to the table looking as you do?" inquired his mother. Kenneth surveyed his well-groomed mother thoughtfully, then replied: "I think I'd be too polite to say anything."

A lawyer and a doctor were arguing the relative merits of their callings:

"I don't claim that all lawyers are villains," said the doctor, "but you'll have to admit that your profession doesn't make angels of men."

"No," retorted the lawyer; "you doctors certainly have the best of us there."

An official of the American Farm Bureau Federation, returning from a tour of rural communities in twenty-five States, expressed surprise, according to a report in the Toledo "Blade," that he found almost no farmers with whiskers. "Not even the old men had them." That official may have started out with the cartoonist's type of farmer in mind. That specimen is rare. He has passed out or shaved.

"Another thing to remember," comments the "Blade," "is that farmers never had a monopoly of whiskers. At one time full beards were quite generally worn in towns and cities, but the farmer, out in all kinds of weather, had the better excuse for them.

"We may as well abandon all notions that the farmer of to-day is a 'rube,' or 'hick.' Like most men, he wears clothes adapted to the kind of work he does. He would be foolish to go into the field dressed like a floor-walker. Mentally, he comes as near being 'dressed up' all the time as the average man. He is well-informed, we mean, and knows what is going on in the world. With all modern means at hand for keeping in touch with things, he takes advantage of them."

Teacher: "Try this sentence: 'Take the cow out of the lot.' What mood?"

Pupil: "The cow."

From the "Cornell Widow:"

Crank: "How did you cure your wife of her antique craze?"

Shaft: "Oh, I just gave her a 1907 model automobile for her birthday."

The following comment of a reader is suggested to the Encyclopedia Britannica for advertising copy. "I am always at the mercy of an encyclopædia," he writes. "If I look up Kipling, I am so entranced that I find myself going on to study the history of Kippers." Aren't we all?

Here is another anagram. Six words of five letters each are needed to complete it. Each word contains the same letters.

Would you leave these —— to wed a king,
And be his ——, just to wear a ring?
Can you dance the —— the while you pine,
And long for the ocean that —— these shores of thine?
Can you —— your conscience against memory's sting,
And be as young kine for —— to be made a lesser thing?
Answer next week.

Answer to last week's puzzle: "Crinoline."

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